This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600010619N

26.238.

1. H. 1826

THE

LABOURS OF IDLENESS;

OR,

SEVEN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

BY GUY PENSEVAL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN TAYLOR,

WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

1826.

238.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

CONTENTS.

		Page
	EPISTLE DEDICATORY	1
I.	THE ENCHANTED LYRE: WITH REMAINS AND REMARKS . . .	17
II.	LOVE'S DEVOTION	105
III.	PEDRO LADRON; OR THE SHEPHERD OF TOPPLEDOWN HILL . . .	123
IV.	AILEEN ASTORE; OR THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE	195
V.	THE DEAD MAN'S DREAM . . .	223
VI.	ELLINORE	275
VII.	LILIAN OF THE VALE . . .	293

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

THE READER.

READER,

IN dedicating my Book solely to you, with a most disinterested contempt, I solemnly assure you, for the patronage of all the world besides,—I must candidly acknowledge that you will find some things in it to startle your common sense (if you have any). To tell you another honest truth,—I sincerely hope, both for my own sake and yours, that you are deficient in this homely, housekeeping quality; which is to be seen in no person of any rank or fashion now-a-days,—except a few odd people, who have nothing else to make them remarkable. Perhaps my uneasiness on this head is superfluous: Did I know you thoroughly (your friends will be ready to avouch), my apprehensions would be at an end. But outré as common sense may be, fancy and

feeling are in the present age, I think, sufficiently ordinary. And these (I know it will be your answer) you flatter yourself you possess. It is by no means improbable.

I, too, flatter myself (and perhaps with the same justice) that a taste for the fanciful and the feeling has fallen to my lot. This it is which has led me to collect in a volume the several Stories, Narratives, or Adventures following; they must, if they please at all, please by their fee-simple in the above-mentioned qualities. You cannot be surprised, therefore, if I hope the existence of fancy and feeling in you; nor that, on the other hand, I deprecate any considerable leaven of rationality, which would be totally against the genius of my work. But who, in the name of common sense! would try the productions of faculties so sublime, by a standard of criticism so pitiful? It would be taking the weight of lightning by a steelyard, or the balminess of dew with a saccharometer! Put a scruple of common sense into one scale, and Ariel into the other,—Ariel will infallibly kick the beam (if Ariel's head be not previously broken). But for the scruple of common sense substitute a world of fancy,—and you have Ariel incontinently bump on the floor!

By the same method of reasoning it may be shown (if the reader have any qualms on the subject), that The Midsummer-Night's Dream, Hamlet, Macbeth, Comus, and even the Paradise Lost, are really excellent productions. *Scilicet:* referring them to a congenial standard of value. In the way of imagination they are, it may be fearlessly asserted, transcendencies which the genius of Apollo himself never reached to: though in the way of common sense they are, for a great part, if the truth must be told, mere absurdities, which would be disowned by the edible proprietor of a cockleshell could he speak,—or make a very spaniel-cub blush for his sagacity, were blushing the fashion amongst puppies.

Invention is creative Reason; Imagination, poetical invention; Fancy, light imagination; Fantasy, eccentric fancy. Into this mental progression Reason undoubtedly enters as a common term pervading the whole series; but in a constantly decreasing ratio. Even the last and most distant branch, Fantasy, contains some of the radical pith of Reason: otherwise, Insanity would be its proper name, which is indeed extravagant (or irrational) fantasy. Whilst, therefore, I deprecate rationality, it is only in a degree beyond what is fairly to be required from the

subject, whether imaginative, fanciful, or *fantasiacal.* [Not fantastical, Reader. To use a word in bad odor is a verbal sophism, which I shall not permit.] Now, in the case of those subjects which I am about to bring forward, common sense would be rationality of that superfluous degree, being in fact nothing but an unreasonable degree of reason: *Ergo,* I fervently protest against it in my reader, as out of all proportion with that degree of rationality justly to be expected in works of fancy. If, therefore, he do unfortunately happen to be oppressed with such a commodity, I would beseech him to put it out of his head altogether, and lay it up for future use in some empty receptacle,—his neighbour's pericranium for instance. As good a way of getting rid of it as any that I know, would be to fold it up neatly in a sheet of paper, and direct it—'Squire *Blank,* of *Blank*-Hall,—whose friends may perhaps consider it in him an acquisition.

From the very great interest which I appear to take in this matter, the reader would naturally conclude that I am the Author of my own Book. No such thing. The Book is mine, but I am not the Author of it; that is to say,—of more than about a third. After having so long dissembled, it is time that I should ingenuously acknowledge to

whom I am indebted for the greatest (if not the best) part of this volume, rendering a just tribute to departed merit, yet taking especial care that my own be not overlooked.

Seven Stories, Narratives, or Adventures (which you will), together with a Title-page and Epistle Dedicatory, compose the invaluable work before you. Of the two latter pieces I am enabled conscientiously to declare myself the author, as much as of the very sentence I am now writing. Whatever glory, therefore, may accrue from these, belongs, in justice, solely and wholly to me.

Of the seven other pieces, three are domestic in their nature,—and I will not disavow them. But here I am compelled to descend a step lower as an author, and acknowledge that these are not, properly speaking, my own composition; they are nothing more than simple relations of events to which I was a casual witness. I have merely given plain facts in plain language; so that, I frankly premonish the reader, whatever trifling degree of interest he may find in them, whatever feeling they may possibly display, belongs not to the relator, but to the incidents themselves.—Can this be so? Can *I* ever have really and deeply felt incidents of the kind alluded to, remote as they must be from

every thing like badinage and cajolery? And if not, why do I attempt to describe them?—To this I will only reply, that levity is a good mask to hide the savage workings of despair, but the heart may weep even those very tears which laughter seems to bring from the eyes. Sharper emotions than, I hope, will ever lacerate your bosom, happy Reader! have not left mine altogether as unscathed as you think it. Some men fly to the bowl as a scare for bitter thoughts; others find more relief in whim, jest, and raillery. When the soul is out on these wild excursions, Anguish will have little whereon to wreak itself,—for the heart, God help it! is nearly a *caput mortuum*.

Of the four remaining articles, this is a straightforward account. The last is written by an obscure young man, one G— D—, who twinkled in the literary hemisphere a year or two ago, but has lately disappeared. He was rather an anomaly. Some of his friends were good enough to call him a genius; for which he always (being of a very grateful temper) made them a bow. Others of them thought he was mad, and were even considerate enough to inform him of his deplorable situation; to these also he returned every due acknowledgment. I myself, who ought to have known

him, could not exactly say which he was. Sometimes I thought him the one, sometimes the other, sometimes neither, sometimes both. Yet we had been inseparable for thirty years! I loved him as myself; but he, wayward mortal! though by inclination I am sure my sincerest well-wisher, oftentimes exhibited himself my greatest enemy. He has frequently, on pretence of doing me a service, injured me beyond reparation; and indeed to him are almost all the misfortunes of my life attributable. But I could never prevail on myself to throw him off, although by a most unhandsome trick of his (spirting vinegar through his teeth or out of a quill) he mortally offended several of my best friends, who would never afterwards approach me, but always took off their hats at a respectful distance. Notwithstanding this foolish propensity, he was naturally of an hypochondriac, melancholy disposition, which was no doubt augmented by the nervous sensibility of his frame, and the delicacy of his constitution. Such a temperament is usually coupled with an imaginative brain, and a romantic turn of thinking; he was indeed a day-dreamer of no ordinary extravagance, and was perpetually creating such labyrinths of thought around him,

that no wonder if he was sometimes lost in them. But in the main he was as sound as I am, and could even laugh as I did at the excesses into which his enthusiasm led him. Some of his compositions were less irregular, and indeed as works of fancy their novelty of conception and imagery may perhaps recommend them with those who have just as severe a contempt for meteors, and just as profound an admiration for paving-stones, as I wish them. It is, however, improper, as well as immaterial, to dilate further upon these matters. I have only to say, that LILIAN OF THE VALE was written by him: that he bequeathed it to me as a mark of his singular affection: and that I now give it publicity, in the hope that by so doing I may gratify not only the reader, but the spirit of D— himself, which perhaps even yet hovers about me and prompts this resolution.

THE ENCHANTED LYRE I found amongst a collection of MSS. in the possession of the Right Hon. Lord I—, whose unparalleled kindness to me, upon all occasions where I have solicited it, merits my deepest gratitude. I feel particularly obliged to his lordship for the liberality with which he permitted me to transcribe this curious narrative, and make use

of it as my own. You also, courteous Reader, will perhaps confess a share in the obligation, when you are sensible of its value. Of the Author there is no record. The noble lord himself, however, favoured me with his suspicions: a person named I— (one of the family), whose life, as far as it could be known (for he was a kind of lay recluse), accorded very well with the Narrative, was, in his lordship's opinion, the writer of it.

The Adventures of PEDRO LADRON were procured by a gentleman who went over to New Spain on a mining speculation, and travelled through a considerable part of that empire. He had been told that in the neighbourhood of Acapulco a great treasure was to be discovered; thither he sailed, and there he found these Adventures. As to any thing else, however, he did not find even as much gold dust as had been thrown in his eyes. So he returned to cast himself into my arms, where, after mingling the usual complement of tears and congratulations, he prevailed with me to lend my humble assistance in coining the treasure for general circulation. From the mint it was transferred into my Book as a convenient depository, and from thence I hope it will be transferred into the coffer of your memory.

Of the DEAD MAN'S DREAM (which is evidently a translation from the German), I have said in the Introduction all that I omit here concerning its history.

These four latter-mentioned pieces are of the imaginative cast,—a species of writing in which no one would be more apt to indulge than I, if an abundance of taste for it, united with an uncommonly meagre genius, were qualification sufficient. This I believe is hardly the case, and most unfeignedly do I regret it. Imagination has ever been considered one of the highest faculties of the mind, and when rightly exercised, capable of affording the most exquisite mental pleasure of which human beings are susceptible. To satisfy my love, and to supply my incapacity, I have laboured to collect several pieces of that character, and have been, as I think, not unsuccessful. I beg, however, that for this my word may not be taken. Infallibility is not a hobby of mine: all of it which remains amongst men (since Aristotle relinquished the monopoly) is divided,—and I believe pretty equally,—between Popes and Almanack-makers. Far be it from me to infringe on such high pretensions!

In the present scarcity of poetry, I am glad it

has so happened that my collection is interspersed with a sufficient share of it,—which is amongst the most serious matters for perusal in this volume. You may have read Shakspeare and Milton; but I can assure you, Friend, and boldly too,—there is nothing like the poetry of *my* Book in either of them. Not but I think several parts of their works very respectably written: to assert, however, that the poems with which I here present you are "very respectably written," would be nothing short of (forgive me, Reader!) a downright ——. Mark, I do not say either *truth* or *untruth:* Should you think fit to make the assertion, you can supply the omission yourself.

The most agreeable paragraph in a work is generally—FINIS. After having spread my Dedication into a Treatise, the reader perhaps would have no objection to see my Finis here. Were I not come to the end of what I had to say, I should hardly gratify him; but the truth is, I have. There remains but one thing further to do, and that is indispensable to a genuine dedication.

When I look around me and behold the many pretenders to literature, and virtú, who throng up

the court, the club, and the drawing-room,—when I observe on all sides of me innumerable Mæcenases, dilettanti, connoisseurs, and others, who would be thought to patronise genius, as if they could relish it,—where is it possible for me to fix on a person to whom I may with more justice and propriety dedicate my Book, than—You? Your perfect knowledge in all the arts which adorn or enlighten human nature, the exquisite refinement of your taste, the various and profound researches you have made into Divinity, Law, and Physic,—the urbanity of your disposition, the lustre of your wit, the sprightliness of your conversation, and the polished elegance of your manners,—together with the amiability of your temper, the generosity of your spirit, and the magnanimity of your soul,—but above all, the truly Christian piety which has signalised every action of your exemplary life,—combine to render you at once the glory and the delight of this age! Were I to seek for a higher object of veneration, I should travel in vain to India or the pole! Accept, therefore, this tribute of respect to your unspeakable merits. If my work should be so fortunate as to meet your single appro-

bation, I shall consider that alone a sufficient reward for my labours, and rest contented with the good opinion of one whose very name is a passport to all futurity!

With the utmost reverence
and humility,
I am,
READER,
Your most obedient,
most devoted,
and most faithful
Servant, and passionate Admirer,

GUY PENSEVAL.

BROOKLANDS,
January 1*st*, 1826.

THE ENCHANTED LYRE.

THE ENCHANTED LYRE.

My patrimonial estate is small: though the grounds for their extent are not poor, they are profitless. Were they devoted to the purposes of agriculture, I should be worth some hundreds a year; I am now worth scarcely one. Prudence, in the shape of an old gray-headed domestic, who nursed *my* father, and played with his; who serves me as butler, gardener, steward, and counsellor; often suggests the wisdom of such a measure: I acknowledge and despise it. Yet this is neither from indolence, though I am idle; nor from contempt of money, though I care little for it. The real secret is, that I cannot bear to destroy—let the sober-minded stare!—I cannot bear to destroy the world of romance, which is shut up within the hills that surround my home. If happiness be the end of life, what matter whence we derive it? What should I gain by converting my paradise into a corn-field? —the felicity of a full purse. And what should I

lose?—All that to me makes life worth possessing, —the pleasure which is alone to be found in a solitude lovely as mine. The man of the world may smile at this, and call it folly. Why, so it is; yet what is the difference between us? He spends a life of bustle and anxiety, to repose in a marble tomb: I dream away my hours in peace, to sleep on a softer pillow. Which of us has the advantage?—Ay, but domestic connexions are with me out of the question. So they are, and so much the better. If other men choose to double the pleasures of this life, (as the theory is,) I prefer having to endure its single pains. Indeed, a visionary, as I am, should have as little to do with reality in his deeds as in his thoughts. He who has peopled his day-dreams with aërial beings, should take care how he encounters physical ones. Angels may walk the earth; but if so, it is not in the shape of women. He might perhaps realize the *fiends* of his fancy among men; but with better faces these would probably not be found such harmless companions. Let him in fact keep himself to himself; for though he enter the world as deliberately and cautiously as he may, it is odds but his disappointment there will make him go rather hastily out of it.

Solitude, then, is not so much my necessity as my

inclination. I have neither love for society, nor in those agreeable qualities of mind, manner, and disposition, which would make society love me. To confess a truth,—I once made the experiment, more from curiosity than a desire to succeed: but it was like to have cost me my own good opinion, as well as that of my acquaintances; who, whilst I remained in seclusion, voted me a philosopher, but the moment I exhibited myself in society, set me down as a fool. I always found myself so embarrassed in the presence of others, and every one so embarrassed in mine,—I was so perpetually infringing the rule of politeness, saying or doing awkward things, telling unpalatable truths, or giving heterodox opinions on matters long since established as proper, agreeable, becoming, and the contrary, by the common creed of the world; there was so much to offend, and so little to conciliate in my manners; arrogant at one time, puling at another; dull when I should have been entertaining; loquacious when I should have been silent, (for I could sometimes be very witty out of place, and very instructive upon uninteresting topics;) I was, in fine, such an incomprehensible, unsystematized, impersonal compound of opposite qualities, with no overwhelming power of mind to carry off, as I have seen in others, these heterogeneous

particles in a flood of intellectuality, that I quickly perceived obscurity was the sphere in which Nature had destined me to shine; and that the very best compliment my friends could pay me, when I had left them, was to forget me and my faults for ever. At first, indeed, there were several persons who liked, or seemed to like me, from a certain novelty or freshness in my manner; but as soon as that wore off they liked me no longer. I was an "odd being," or a "young man of some genius, but very singular;" something to fill up the gaps of tea-table conversation, when the fineness of the evening, and the beauty of the prospect, had been already discussed by the party.

With the other sex, in particular, though perhaps not an object of positive dislike, I was the most universal *no*-favourite that ever loved their society. This was even amusingly obvious. I found on all sides of me the most ordinary fellows, in every respect, contrive to make interest in *some* woman's breast. No! I never could do the same. They would turn from me to converse with a coxcomb: nay, what was worse, with the merest commonplacer; for coxcombry has something in it naturally agreeable to female taste; they would turn from me, and forget me, till accident or good manners obliged

them to recognize me as their partner. And this even when I thought my conversation was most brilliant and attractive!—They laughed at the few first things I said—grew weary—looked vacantly at something passing in a distant corner of the room, whilst I was uttering my smartest remarks—begged my pardon—were very attentive for a moment—and looked away again! This is an infallible criterion of indifference: she who will not lend you an ear, will never give you a heart. The surest proof of a woman's love for you, is that she listens to you. How often have I watched the countenance of my fair companion, trying her by this criterion; and with a bitter smile acknowledged the inevitable result! Women too, who, as I was a man of some literary and intellectual pretension, wished to seem my admirers!—But, a slight question from a drawing-room tactician, and I was left my own auditor. I do not blame this involuntary neglect; nor do I mean to insinuate any charge of frivolity against the sex. A momentary elevation of the brow, and a suppressed sigh, which could neither be observed nor interpreted, was my only reply to their sweet apologies for inattention. What could I do? It were vain to display resentment; absurd to appear jealous of that attention which, it was evident, I had shown my-

self deficient in qualities to engage. All that a man has to do in such a case, that is, if he be a man of spirit and pride, who will not accept a marble hand instead of a glowing one,—is to retire at once, and for ever. Such was my case, and such my determination. Though neither ugly, deformed, nor vulgar, I could never, and what was more, I *felt* that I could never,—gain a woman's heart. *One* I believe would have—not loved—but liked me, if I had permitted her; but the severity of my manner nipt the bud of her affection before it had blossomed. In truth, I possessed none of those graces either of person, address, or conversation, which steal upon the fancy of a woman, and invisibly seduce the soul out of her bosom. The reader will perhaps observe, on reading this paragraph, that it sufficiently accounts for the misogamism of the first. Perhaps so: but there are other reasons. The society of my Egeria had spoiled me for that of a wife. Of this no more at present.

Amongst men, also, a sentiment or phrase would now and then escape from me, to shew I was not a perfect specimen of idiocy; but I was generally very dull and tiresome; either totally dumb, or what is more insufferable, a monopolist of talk, loud, dogmatic, and elaborate. In my very hap-

piest moods, I found myself unable to support that description of light and easy conversation which makes intercourse agreeable, and without which friendship itself grows languid. I never could make a friend, or if I made one, I soon lost him. He took me at first for a genius; but found me at last a very dull gentleman. I had a knack of uttering singularities, which were mistaken for cleverness; but as soon as my stock was out, I had only puerilities to offer. My mind was not rich, and my temper rather whimsical than lively. Last night I said two or three of these odd things; to-day my friend calls, expecting more. I have nothing to say, but—Heavenly morning!—Good for crops!—What's the news?—or, Well! how have you been ever since?—He yawns, shakes hands, wishes good day, and escapes with all decent precipitation. Yet I see all around, men who are neither wits, sages, nor scholars, by profession, entertain one another joyously and good humouredly. They link arm in arm, and walk away, joking, laughing, and pleased with each other. I alone am always alone. Though I have dipped into Newton and Leibnitz, studied Locke, Verulam, and Machiavel, can repeat whole speeches from Demosthenes and Cicero, and know Shakspeare better than my own tragedies!—I cannot

solve this enigma, except in a way more simple than creditable.

A life of such mortification was not long to be endured: a hair-shirt and a hermitage were far preferable. After a short trial, therefore, I turned on my heel, and bid society good bye. With the feelings of one who has been on a toilsome and an unsuccessful journey, I flew into the bosom of my beloved retreat, and gave thanks to Heaven, as I closed the gates, that I found myself once more within them.

A thick shrubbery separates my little domain from the wold outside, that stretches in winding pastures, amid tufts of heath and fern, to the end of sight. I thought the wild birds that sung in the furze and brambles welcomed me back, twittering the news to each other. As I shut the gate after me, a huge bee rose from under my feet, and set forth, humming loudly before me all the way up the avenue, as if to trumpet my approach to home. The cottage looked as humble as ever, and as happy. No covetous genie had transported it, in my absence, to his eastern paradise, and left me a palace instead, to take care of. Every thing was precisely as I had left it; except that an ambitious jessamine, which was a mere shrub at my departure,

had mounted to the thatch, and, drooping majestically over the gable of the building, sat weaving a crown of flowers for herself, as if the queen of the garden. Her tyrannous disposition went no farther; her love of glory cost no lives; it spent itself in show and pageantry; so I let her wreathe her diadem in peace, and queen it as long as she was able. Within, all my books lay in the exact state of disorder I had last seen them in: Ariosto wide open on my desk, Shakspeare flat on his Midsummer-Night's face, Plato with a pen-knife in his heart, and Burton the Anatomist of Melancholy, standing on his head, with a piece of red tape coming out at his heels, like a pasteboard dancing-man. Several miscellaneous volumes, from Euclid down to the Arabian Nights, were strewn on the table, sofa, and carpet beside it; papers innumerable, with extracts, memoranda, scraps of prose and of poetry, quilted the floor with patterns of all shapes and dimensions. Antony had lived long enough with me to know my humour; he had not even blown away the dust that covered the whole library, lest he should disturb the locality of my papers; I am sure he would not have dared to remove a book from its place, though the house were in flames, but let them die on the posts I had assigned them, like good soldiers.

In my bed-room, however, there had been sad reformation. Old Margery, with all the natural obstinacy of her sex, would never give up her right to manage it as she pleased; so I was e'en obliged to yield the point to her. All the books and papers, which I had unluckily been reading there, were now neatly piled on a shelf, and a large corking-pin stuck through the latter to keep them together. I even remarked, (though I should be loth to accuse Margery of such an invidious design, especially as I believe she could not read,) that it had been run through a very passionate speech I had written for a lover, beginning—"I am pierced to the soul, my charming Eliza," &c. The counterpane and drapery of my little camp-bed looked like snow-flakes, weft together for Hymen's nuptial couch, and the sheets were such as Chastity herself might have lain in. My parlour was also in the same unpoetical state of order and precision; for the only freak of romance in which I ever knew Margery to indulge, was, one day, when she took it into her head (inspired, perhaps, by a glass of cherry-brandy that I had given her,) to send me up a boiled mutton-chop for dinner, and three roasted turnips instead of potatoes. It was just such a thing as I might have done, tipsy or sober; and just such a thing as

Petrarch might have been proud to do: so much out of the common way, and so different from what any being of ordinary common sense would ever think of doing.

After having patiently stood a long siege of questions and exclamations from Margery on one side, and Antony on the other, I at length made my way through the hall to the back of the house into the garden. Here Mr. Antony had been playing "old Margery" amongst the beds; they were all disposed into rhomboids, oblongs, triangles, and trapeziums of every form and figure. My poor flowers were all hanging the head at their own and each other's condition, hedged in on all sides, and forbidden to mingle cheeks or lips, to ramble or straggle wherever they chose, as I had permitted them. But each stood in a nice little puddle of wet clay, like a damsel in Sunday clothes, who has got herself into the mire; looking as if she would give the world to step out of it, only for fear of soiling her stockings. The walks were all smoothed and weeded; I could have picked a needle off the gravel; and the borders of privet, gentian, box-wood, and bachelors'-buttons, were all trimmed as close and as straight as if Antony had served an apprenticeship to a hair-dresser. Nothing was wild as I wished it;

there was not a shade to conceal a pigmy; so I flung myself down the lawn, and was in the heart of my grove ere the wind could have whispered my coming.

Here, indeed, was I in the sanctuary of my solitude, the shrine of my retreat; no profane step could intrude upon my privacy; no curious eye could penetrate the mysteries of this sacred gloom. Here every thing was wild, overgrown, enormous. The oaks appeared to stop the fleecy clouds in their passage; the elm spread a vault of green darkness around her; the tall larch and the stately pine nodded like giants at each other. All was depth and shadow, stillness and silence. Not a beam shot through to gild the pillared aisles of the forest; not a sound nor a motion came to disturb their profound repose. Methinks it is in such a place that the mighty dead should lie! Where all is dim, and solemn, and grand; where the winds might roar their eternal dirge, and the heavens themselves appear to weep their dissolution. The boldest heart might quail amid the holy precincts; their very ashes would seem to breathe a sacred horror through the place; and he who trembled at the sight of the living man, would still do his marble reverence. But a statue in the garish aisle of a

church! with which, only for the palisade or the pedestal, we might rub skirts if we pleased; which we might treat with any familiarity, even to pulling its nose, when the Cicerone's back was turned! Miserable ambition! If the gods had made me a great man, I would build my mausoleum in the midst of a forest. The next most magnificent place of sepulture to this, would be a grave in the very lowest pit at the bottom of the ocean. Though your tomb would be invisible, the everlasting peal of the waves above you would be a lullaby for such a sleep. Why do people object so much to a "watery grave?"—The *fishes*, sir. Ay, ay; true. Who would not rather be eaten of worms, than of fishes? The former only be-crawl and be-slime one; this is decent! The latter fairly swallow us; Ugh!—But I am wandering. To myself.

As I stumbled down the rugged pathway that leads to the bottom of the dell, the brambles which grew on both sides had knit themselves into a mass which I could scarcely pierce; and the long lush grass touched my ears with its seedy pendants, as I tore myself through the underwood. Another rush, and I was at the brink of the river. Ho! my noble torrent!—Do you still rave as loudly as ever?—A

burst of foam, that covered me all over with pearls, was the rude salutation it returned. On my left hand were the rocky steps mounting to the platform which overhangs the waves, and commands a view of the glen. I stood for a moment, whilst the weeds that dabbled in the spray swung backwards and forwards as the waves came and went, twisting their lithe arms about my feet, and sprinkling me plentifully with the element in which they themselves delighted to lave. Hush! said I, raising my hand. There was no sound, but that made by the god of the torrent; who would not hush at my bidding. The noise of his urn was indesinent; you could hear it ring under-ground through the whole length of the valley; indeed, the hurly kept up by it and the waves was so uniform and perpetual, that the ear, after a short familiarity with it, mistook it for a condition of the place, and almost forgot it altogether. I thought, in fact, that I had heard a different sound; the wind, perhaps. An acorn fell at my feet: a chesnut-tree, at which I was gazing, with its green cone of leaves, each carrying a little castle, and making the whole look like a hillock sprinkled with miniature turrets, one above the other, began to dance them like puppets. Ay, it

must have been the wind, said I, and the pebbles crackled under my foot, as I sprang up to the platform.

I entered my grotto. This is a small round building of incrusted pebbles and cement; thatched, and having a broad eave in front. I had it erected on this spot, to hold my books and papers, as I generally spent most of my time near it. The eave is supported by stems of trees, which form a kind of rustic colonnade in front of the grotto; and the floor beneath this is paved with blue and white pebbles, which a virtuoso would perhaps dignify with the name of rude mosaic. I have lined my grot with thick moss, and hung it with various fantastical ornaments which I should be afraid to specify. There are, however, among the number, a marble Faun, and a Syrinx, upon which I think I may pride myself; a Hercules, an Apollo, and a Venus Anadyomene, of course; several conchs, which a Triton might blow, though I cannot; the horns of a real Satyr, as I contend, (notwithstanding that an ignorant dilettante, to whom I showed them, affirmed they were those of a goat;) together with a small collection of antiques, in bronze and alabaster, such as a connoisseur might pass without criticism, if he were as good-natured as connoisseurs

generally are—not. I have a shelf of medals, and another of minerals; two pretty large cases of sea-shells, and some river ones; likewise an aviary of birds, stuffed so much to the life, that they do all but sing and fly away. The best item of the catalogue is a choice cabinet of books, though not very extensive. The remainder of this inventory I must suppress: no one would hear of vipers stopped up in long bottles—relics from churchyards—or a piece of John Zisca's drum-skin—or—Pugh! pugh! Away with them!

I pass a good deal of my time endeavouring to philosophise amid these works of nature and of art;—but, ah! much more of it in, I fear, a less profitable kind of meditation, where I am now going —I opened the latticed door which leads from the grotto into my bower. My bower! my beloved, my solitary, bower! the home of my home! the leafy temple of my paradise! the loveliest, sweetest spot of my romantic vale! Here have I dreamed away the hours in the shade of unenvied laurels! here have I sung my humble lays to the whispering applause of the branches; and wreathed a secret chaplet of flowers for my hair!—Here have I listened to the invisible melodist who sighs away her soul amid the leaves; to the unearthly

strains which are sung at times by the melancholy spirit of this solitude, as she weeps o'er the Enchanted Lyre!—At this moment the spirit seemed, indeed, to enter on its breezy wings; for a low murmuring sound spread gently over the waves of the air, and died away just as it reached my heart.

Could this have been the sound I had heard without?—It came from the top of the latticed door, where an Æolian lyre, nearly hidden among blossoms and green foliage, was always fixed. I gazed at it for a moment; it uttered another plaintive sound: I turned half away to catch its music more perfectly: it sighed, and was silent. Getting upon the arm of my rustic couch, I took down the lyre: all its strings but two were broken!—What a tumult, what a howling, and gnashing, when *one* of our heart-strings is snapt; whilst here were a dozen gone for ever, and the being only sighed!—But your lyre has no heart, Sir. Perhaps, not: I hope *you* have, Sir. I mean your lyre has no *feeling*, Sir. Again I say, I hope you have, Sir. 'Slife! Sir, I say your lyre has no sense,—no *sense*, Sir. And I say a third time, I hope you have, Sir; though indeed you give little proof of it in losing your temper. If I have improperly attributed that

to an Æolian which it did not possess, it is not, perhaps, the first time that a hollow-hearted thing, gifted with the power of making a noise, but as empty of all *matter* as a spout, has been mistaken for a rational creature.

I gave new bosom-strings to my lyre, and restored it to its place. The day was warm; the hour the warmest; so I threw myself on my couch, and let the wind, sifting itself through the veil of blossoms that hung all around, cool me with its odorous breath. My absence had, I found, given all the shrubs an opportunity to run riot; and they had spread themselves in such wanton luxuriance, stretching their fine tendrils over the sides and roof of the arbour, catching at every stem that could support them, and intertwining with each other in festoons which hung almost down to the ground,—in fact, they had so overwhelmed the couch which I only meant they should embower, that I was in a manner drowned amid flowers and foliage; looking like a lost Bacchanal, who had tumbled into a bed-full of vegetable beauties. One honeysuckle, in particular, had clambered up the arms and back of my couch; then having, I suppose, grown beyond her strength, fell over it in a sort of canopy, leaving me just room to creep under, and forming an ar-

bour within an arbour. We all know how insolent this shrub is! Another lady of the same family had woven the doorway that looks out to the river with her purple-streaked ribands, from bottom to top, so as to shut out the view completely. A third of the sisterhood outside was domineering over the arbour itself, and looking down with the most sovereign contempt on the less aspiring plants beneath her. The lilac herself, whom one would take, from her complexion, to be rather a modest, retiring kind of beauty, had been evidently spoiled by keeping such wanton society. I found her now crowding in her pale blue flowers at every interstice, endeavouring to gain a share of admiration: and a laburnum too, having insinuated her slender arms through the roof, was dropping handfuls of golden beads upon the floor; seeming just as well inclined to exhibit her prodigality, as the other to display her vanity. A myrtle and an eglantine, likewise, had grown out of all compass. But the most extravagant and inexcusable of them all was a wild vine, the matron of the bower; whose arms embraced the whole family of smaller shrubs within. I thought at her age I might have reckoned on a little more decency; yet she had not only crowded the whole leafy vault with her offspring, but, as I afterwards

perceived on going outside, had allied herself to *two* fatherly elms at once, with whose rugged arms she was now mixing her delicate ones; and stealing, as I plainly saw, as fast as she could to their bosoms. I have no objection to a little gaiety, or even a little coquetting; a spreading of the bosom, an interesting droop of the head, a swaying of the arms: nay, I could tolerate an approach to a kiss, so as the parties had been near neighbours and long acquainted. But to see them all flaunting and flirting, clasping and embracing, gadding and vapouring here and every where! It was too much. I am somewhat luxurious myself; but this was downright licentiousness. So I determined at once to repress it; and before I spent another hour in their company, to reduce these flowery dames and damsels to a state approaching rather more to propriety. As for the vine, after clipping off a few of her sucklings within, I thought it better to wink at her proceedings out of doors; her manners were plainly incorrigible. But the honeysuckle who had laced up my door, or rather spread her dark-green apron from post to post, as if for the mere purpose of shutting out the landscape,—she, I thought, was rather too young to take such airs upon her. Besides, I had perceived her frequently kissing her

hands to a spruce poplar who stood a few yards off, and flirting her leaves at him, which I did not approve. Tired as I was, therefore, I took a pruning-hook from my grotto, and gave my wanton lady such a trimming as she will not recover this twelve-month. She is now cropt as close as a young quakeress; and, being divested of her purple knots and dancing streamers, looks as prim as a burgomaster's daughter.—Forgive me, reader! I cannot help speaking of these creatures as if they were living beings. I always talk to them as such. They are my only companions, and I cannot but address them in such endearing terms as beings so lovely deserve. They are to me in the place of so many mistresses. I sit in the midst of them like a sultan in his seraglio, caressing them one by one, whilst the affectionate things breathe out the warmest, sweetest sighs, as I kiss them, or draw them towards my bosom. Even in solitude we must have our society. Give me a woman, as beautiful, as delicate, as tender, as constant—let her move as gracefully, and touch as gently, and speak as softly, and sigh as sweetly, and smile on me as dearly—as this woodbine, or this lilac—Give me such a mistress!—and blame me then if I woo any other flower.

After having reduced my haram to some kind of

order, quite fatigued with the ungallant work, I again threw myself on my mossy lair, over which the shrubs had richly shed their leaves and flowers; making it as soft and as fragrant as Zephyr's bed when he couches with Flora. I could now see the opposite side of the valley, the tops of the rocks in mid-channel, and the swoln ridges of the billows curdling into foam, as they burst with a cry of rage on their stubborn opponents. The sight was grand, yet lovely; about half-way up the adverse steep, and exactly fronting my bower, a green circuit without tree, or bush, or stone, to spot its velvet coat, was formed by a ring of oaks, that seemed to stand there, like Briareans of old, wielding their hundred hands, to guard the consecrated glade. Here, perhaps, the Dryads and Fauns of the place meet to dance to the sound of the reed and timbrel; or the elves which haunt these groves assemble to their moonlight revelry. Indeed I have frequently thought whilst I lay within my arbour, my senses and eyes half shut to the perception of things, that I saw indistinctly, as if in a vision, the grotesque forms of those beings which we have heard of under the name of Satyrs, mingled with delicate girls in long hair and ivy girdles, whom I took for Dryads, in a kind of wild measure. Nay, I could almost swear,

that I have heard their distant laughter with each other, and the shrill sound of the pandean, like a shepherd's pipe a great way off, accompanying their fantastic movements. But the moment I rubbed my eyes, and roused myself, to be sure that all I saw and heard was reality,—the whole choir disappeared, music and all, leaving the glade as sunny and as silent as before.

I am well aware that any one who should assert the existence of such beings as Satyrs or Elves, would instantly be set down as a madman or a fool. But I have so long wished to believe it, that I sometimes forget I should not. Whilst threading the unfrequented paths of the grove, I have often been startled by something like an exclamation or a faint shriek; and on looking through the dim walks, have either seen, or imagined I saw, a young female face peeping for an instant from behind the trunk of an elm, or a slender form, half concealed in long floating tresses, vanish into the distant gloom. By moonlight, also, I have sometimes, after intently observing the grass, beheld it, as it were, quite alive with bright starry figures, that glittered to and fro, or in the form of a circle (where a ring was always sure to be found in the morning, as if beaten and stamped down with little feet). The dew sparkling and flit-

ting, as the springing blades threw it off their shoulders, most probably deceived me; neither do I relate the following incident as a positive fact, because, from the dreamy state of my existence in this retirement, I am rarely able to separate what I have actually seen from the visions that are perpetually floating before my eyes.

One day that I had sauntered by the streamside, to the uttermost end of the valley, reading the Tempest,—or, more properly speaking, ruminating on the strange world of enchantment discovered in that beautiful phantasma, until I was nearly bewildered myself,—I came to a little recess, made by two gray rocks at the brink of the waves. I had to wet my feet in getting into it. Several tall daffodils stood looking at themselves in the quiet lake between these rocky promontories. A wild bee flew over from the other side of the river, and peering into one of the flowers, seemed to have taken fright at something it saw there, for it immediately shot away up the valley as fast as it could. I bent over the waves, and saw clearly, in the reflected bell of one of the lilies, something cradled up like an infant asleep; rocking to and fro as the wind moved the flowers. The sight was but a moment: awakened, I suppose, by the cry of astonishment which I

involuntarily uttered, the creature, whatever it was, instantly mounted into the air, and was lost. It appeared to me not more than an inch long. Its body looked like a very diminutive toy, made in the shape of a human creature; and of a substance resembling embodied light, (if there is such a thing,) faintly tinged with a warm blush-colour. It had wings, of a silvered gauzy texture, springing from its shoulders. As it mounted the sky its golden hair glittered like a little comet, and was the last speck of it I discerned.—Again, I say, this may have been a dream. Nay, it must.

To return to my bower. I lay there in a trance of delight, for I know not how long; the scene before me thinning itself into a vision, which came and went as I closed and opened my eyes. The leafy beauties of my bower rustled their silken dresses as they strove to approach me, and filled the air with the delicious perfume of their sighs. A very inaudible breeze of sound rose at times from the lyre. It would have been, indeed, altogether indistinguishable by an ear not well accustomed to separate every other noise, however slight, from the continuous booming of the river. It seemed now an inward murmur of satisfaction at the recovery of its powers; or, perhaps, of secret pleasure at the

return of its master: yet its murmurs, even in joy, could not forget their natural tone of woe; its very thankfulness had the air of complaint; and its welcome was sadder than another being's adieu.

There is something, beyond doubt, very extraordinary about this little instrument. I can scarcely prevent myself thinking with Milton, and indeed all the great poets and philosophers, that "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep;" and that one of them has taken possession of this lyre for her own solace, and my entertainment. Perhaps the soul of some tender-hearted maiden, who had been forsaken, and died, inhabits this secret tenement, and still continues to breathe her melancholy tale of woe and desertion over its strings? Perhaps, it is the habitation of one of those nocturnal minstrels who are said to charm the weary moon on her endless pilgrimage, when the chill air makes her pale and disconsolate? Perhaps it belongs, as its name would indicate, to the god of the wind?

I cannot tell how this may be, but certainly it is not without some shade of reason, that I call it the Enchanted Lyre; as will be allowed, I am sure, after a few words of explanation. Upon a sultry evening in June, after having sat reading till my

sight grew dim, I threw aside the book, and resigned myself to one of those luxurious fits of meditation in which I love to indulge. The shades fell thicker and thicker imperceptibly, and my eyes gradually closed with the day. Yet I did not sleep, but merely fell into that ambiguous state of sensation to which I have before alluded, as if I were buried in a cloud, and saw, and felt every thing without me, through its misty medium. I could discern the evening stars through the fringe of my eyes, but they looked like little moons in a halo; I could hear the sullen chime of the water, but it seemed to roll, like muffled thunder, far, far beneath my feet. The myrtles near my couch began to shiver in the wind, and the harp to sigh. I listened as the melody alternately rose and fell; now low, tremulous and breezy, now rapid and shrill. Night and slumber fell yet deeper upon me; but my sense was still awake to the mournful and unequal thrilling of the lyre. After some time, my thoughts involuntarily adapting themselves to the measure, I began to imagine some incoherent words which might suit it. It was so wild, and out of rule, however, that this was impossible. I desisted; but rousing myself a little, continued to mark its numbers. In a few moments I heard the following words as di-

stinctly as I ever heard my own. They seemed to proceed from the lyre, and were exactly suited to the measure, irregular as it may appear.

I am for aye—for ever, ever sighing:
My voice is full of woe, as my breast is of pain;—
Like a broken-hearted lover continually dying,
I can only raise my voice to die over again!

Rude breathes the blast?—My bosom 'gins a-thrilling,
All lonely as I hang in these lyrical bowers;
And I wail as if the winds the sweet infant-buds were killing,
As if the cruel tempest did murder the flowers!

Sweet, low, and soft, is the light zephyr blowing?—
Ah! not the less I murmur, not the less I sigh;
Sure the melancholy rushes, by the wild waters growing,
Are not half so full of sadness, of sorrow as I?

But should a maid with the willow sit nigh me,
And whisper a sad love-song once over my strings,
So deeply, doubly mournful it becomes in passing by me,
That she thinks, the silly girl!—'tis her death-song she sings!

I candidly acknowledge, once for all, that I am the slave, the dupe, the victim of enthusiasm and romance. If madness consist in taking the suggestions of our fancy for realities, I am afraid that I can neither deny the fact nor the inference. But to show that I yet retain some slight partiality for what is reasonable,—that the moon is not the arbitress, though she may be the mistress, of my thoughts,—I will endeavour to explain the pre-

ceding event, as I have all those other singular ones which have happened to me. It is very possible that the music *may* have suggested these words to my dreaming fancy, and that I have imperceptibly transferred them to the harp. This I do not wish to conceal: but ever since that night I have called my harp The Enchanted Lyre.

It may be asked, whether the phenomenon has occurred but once; as if so, there could no longer be any difficulty in placing it to its true account. To this I answer—that it has several times, and in several ways. But I have forgotten the words which were uttered on the several occasions; having been obliged indeed to fill up with my own thoughts numberless gaps, which my memory, though naturally very tenacious, left in the song already given, often as it was repeated. There is but one more of which I have any recollection, and it perhaps is a still more extraordinary instance, either of the miraculous powers of this harp, or the extremity of self-delusion to which I am subject. It certainly, by the way, comes in proof of the latter very probable solution,—that although the lyre utters melody at all hours, I could never detect it uttering words except at night, and whilst I was reposing. Whether the aërial being who may pre-

side over this instrument dislikes exposure, or by the laws of her existence may not be permitted to wander except at this time, is another question. I once or twice placed myself at the opposite side of the arbour, and pretending sleep, watched through my half-closed lids for the appearance of the celestial lyrist; but I saw and heard nothing except the harp itself, and its perpetual wail.—I have digressed: let me relate the other circumstance I hinted at.

It may appear strange, yet it is not less certain, that my chief pleasure in solitude is derived from its melancholy. I feel a kind of satisfaction, of pride, in being exiled by the world to this solitary glen, whose sunniest smile wears a shade of sadness. From the same perversity of mood it is, that although I am ever poetizing, I feel but little ambition for notoriety as a poet; perhaps from conscious inability to attain it,—except as a bad one. The wilderness is my theatre; rocks are my rostra; my bower is my ruelle; its sweet population my audience. I ask no other. I am satisfied with the hoarse applause of the billows to the repetition of my verses. The trees and flowers which bend to hear me, whisper as soft approbation as I could gain from their living emblems,—and perhaps as

sincere, if not as judicious. My harp, with its mournful breath, is the only divinity which deigns to inspire me. To its murmurs I listen, and endeavour to catch some of their melody, with more or less success, as it happens. I had in this way, upon one occasion, written to my mind's eye the first stanza of a lyric, but could proceed no further. It proposed a question, to which perhaps my incapacity to furnish a sufficient answer will not appear singular after the circumstances just related.

> Wherefore, unlaurelled Boy!
> Whom the contemptuous Muse will not inspire,
> With a sad kind of joy,
> Still sing'st thou to thy solitary lyre?

I gave up the attempt after a few trials, but could not help returning to it more than once as unsuccessfully as before. During these fruitless exertions, I perceived the veil of slumber gently descending before my eyes, induced perhaps by the low tremulous symphony of the wind-lyre, which seemed to awake merely to lull me into repose. I had no sooner shut my eyes, than the following answer, exactly in my own measure and manner (only far more poetical), was sung twice or thrice over to the accompaniment of the lyre.

The melancholy winds
  Pour through unnumber'd reeds their idle woes:
And every Naiad finds
  A stream to weep her sorrow as it flows.

Her sighs unto the air
  The wood-maid's native oak doth broadly tell:
And Echo's fond despair
  Intelligible rocks re-syllable.

Wherefore then should not I,
  Albeit no haughty Muse my breast inspire,
Fated of grief to die,
  Impart it to a solitary lyre?

Not the least curious particular of this answer is its being given in my person. It is likewise, independent of all circumstances, certainly ingenious, and the only one which could be properly given: indeed I have ever since considered it as a sufficient prescription to write as many verses as I chose, no matter how indifferent. The words were so plain, I heard them so articulately, that I raised myself at once from my pillow, assured that I should now catch the minstrel at her airy work,—but she had fled, and the only sounds I heard were the wild and incoherent modulations of the lyre.

After my escape from society, and return to my seclusion, which I have so often mentioned, and so often forgot amidst these wild stories, it was not

without feelings of delicious expectation that I now stretched myself voluptuously on my couch as the fierce light of noon was mellowing into the golden tinge of eve. I composed myself to dream; the sun cloaking his head in the folds of his deep crimson pall, seemed also to resign himself to his temporary death. It was fast approaching that silent hour at which spirits are said to walk abroad, and I fancied every moment that I heard a confused murmur of words and sounds from the Genius of the Lyre, as if preparing to begin. But they died away in faint attempts at articulation, and the being that uttered them was either unable or unwilling to gratify my wishes. What a cruel disappointment for an enthusiast! I went evening after evening; still no song. Psha! it is the perversity of the sex, which pursues them even in after-existence: she will not sing whilst she thinks I am waiting to hear her. I endeavoured to forget her, and went on with my own studies and compositions. In the day-time I rambled through the groves and glades, sometimes reading, sometimes thinking, often dreaming as I walked along: now stopping to meditate on the banks of the flood, where the voice of a river-nymph, bubbling up through the black waters of a cavern, lent its shrillness to the torrent's

roar; now stretching my angle into the deep gullies, or between the green slimy rocks, where the finny people of the stream were rowing to and fro, or hiding themselves beneath the ledges and weeds. Together with these pastimes, I had to renew my acquaintance with all the ancient objects of my regard; and many fresh faces had made their appearance with whom I was anxious to be on terms of closer intimacy. I was soon as much at home as if I had never left it, and vowed that no hand should drag me from my retreat again but that which removed me for ever!

One of my first excursions was to a corner of my paradise, which, from its peculiar solitude, and a certain little winged eremite who dwells there, I call—The Dove's Loneliness. It is on the other side of the river, nearly opposite to Fairy-Creek, the recess where I caught Robin Goodfellow asleep in the daffodil. The river takes a deep bite into the land hereabouts, and has indeed eaten out a pretty large bay, leaving a rocky cape (which was too hard, I suppose, for his teeth) between the haven of quietness within and my side of the wilderness: for the headland I speak of runs almost parallel with the course of the river itself, so as to hide the bay completely from view till you pass its point. It is probable,

indeed, that I have given to my river more credit for voracity than it really deserves; and that the bay owes its formation rather to the circumstance of its bed being naturally somewhat lower than that of the stream, whose waters, therefore, merely welled into it as a resting-place in the midst of their turbulent journey. What confirms me in this latter opinion is, the extreme smoothness, the halcyon calm of its bosom: there is not even the soft dimpling of an eddy to disturb it, and it is only the ripple falling with a plaintive murmur at its edge, which betrays that the flood is in motion. No wind ever ruffles its peaceful breast, no storm ever lashes it into foam, but a gentle air plays for ever on its surface, and polishes it with his silken wing, till the very stars, as they gaze upon its mirror, think their complexions more bright. A pebbly strand of some breadth opposes a useless defence to the creeping ambition of the waves, which never step an inch beyond their proper limits. With the same curve as the waters and the strand, a wood of hazel, beech, and oak, rises where the pebbles merge into gravel, and sod, presenting a deep mass of foliage, through which you would think it vain for either the sun or you to attempt a passage.

For my own part, beautiful as the spot is, I—

even I—have never dared to penetrate it but once. —What! another fairy?—Another demon?—No: unless a *dove* be one.—I had made my way with extreme difficulty to the middle of the grove, for the trees being young, and mostly of a small kind, were planted close to one another; and the wild honeysuckle had matted their branches together so densely (besides tickling my cheek as I passed on, every moment, with her wanton fingers), that I thought she must have some very particular reason for wishing to ensnare me. I at length reached the centre, marked by a tall matronly beech-tree, which stood alone in a little Goshen of green turf, her leaf-woven drapery sweeping the ground, like a gigantic Eve in hooped petticoats. Whilst I leant against the stem of a tree, and meditated upon the extreme stillness and seclusion of the place, I thought with myself—Such a retreat might make a monk of Alexander the Great! Its beauty would infuse sweetness into that dragon blood, and its serenity peace into that ambitious spirit. But even the nightingale, the nun of the woods, does not seem to inhabit it; not a bird is to be seen or heard!—Just as I made this remark, the low, smothered murmur of a dove reached my ear; it came from the beech-top, and I thought I could

catch a glimpse of the milkwhite bird of Innocence through the leaves. There was a great fluttering there, and evident uneasiness. So! thought I—there is more than *one* misanthrope in this valley, I find. *My* grotto at one side, and *thy* grove at the other! Fare thee well! I will respect thy passion as thou dost mine.

As I retired towards my own boundaries, I heard the bird coo again, but methought rather in a tone of self-gratulation than of fear,—as if it were comforting itself at my departure. Poor wretch! I can estimate thy feelings, although perhaps they exceed my own. I dare say I could write even the very thoughts of thy heart.

THE DOVE'S LONELINESS.

Break not my loneliness, O Wanderer!
There's nothing sweet but Melancholy, here.—
'Mid these dim walks and grassy wynds are seen
No gaudy flowers, undarkening the green:
No wanton bird chirrups from tree to tree,
Not a disturber of the woods but me!
Scarce in a summer doth a wild bee come
To wake my sylvan echo with his hum:
But for my weeping lullaby I have
The everlasting cadence of the wave
That falls in little breakers on the shore,
And rather seems to strive to roar—than roar;

Light Zephyr, too, spreads out his silver wings
On each green leaf, and in a whisper sings
His love to every blossom in her ear,
Too low, too soft, too sweet, for me to hear!
The soul of Peace breathes a wide calm around,
And hallows for her shrine this sacred spot of ground.
Her bird am I!—and rule the shade for her,
A timid guard, and trembling minister!
My cradling palace hung amid the leaves
Of a wide-swaying beech: a woodbine weaves,
Fine spinster of the groves! my canopy
Of purpling trellis and embroidery:
My pendant chair, lined with the velvet green
That nature clothes her russet children in,
Moss of the silkiest thread: This is my throne,
Here I do sit, queen of the woods, alone!
And as the winds come swooning through the trees,
I join my murmurs to their melodies;
Murmurs of joy,—for I am pleased to find
No visitors more constant than the wind:
My heart beats high at every step you come
Nearer the bosom of my woodland home;
And blame me not, if when you turn away
I wish that to some other scenes you 'd stray,
Some brighter, lovelier scenes; these are too sad,
Too still, and deepen into deeper shade.—
See! the gay hillocks on the neighbouring shore,
Nodding their tufted crowns, invite thee o'er;
The daisy winks, and the pale cowslip throws
Her jealous looks ascant—red burns the rose—
Spare hawthorn all her glittering wealth displays,
Stars, blossoms, buds, and hangs them in the blaze,
To lure thine eye—the slope as fresh and sweet,
Spreads her lush carpet to entice thy feet.
Here are but weeds, and a few sorry gems
Scattered upon the straggling woodbine's stems,

Hoar trees and withered fern—Ah, stranger, go:
I would not stay to make thee tremble so!
Were I a man, and thou a little dove,
I would, at thy least prayer, at once remove.
Then, stranger, turn!—and should'st thou hear me coo,
From this deep-bosomed wood, a hoarse adieu—
The secret satisfaction of my mind,
That thou art gone, and I am left behind—
Smile thou, and say Farewell!—The bird of Peace,
Hope, Innocence, and Love, and Loveliness,
Thy sweet Egeria's bird of birds! doth pray
By the name best-beloved, thou 'lt wend thy way,
In pity of her pain!—Though I know well
Thou would'st not harm me, I must tremble still:
My heart's the home of fear—Ah! turn thee then,
And leave me to my loneliness again!

I had never gone to this place since, till my late excursion; and even then I did not presume to enter the grove, but viewed it from a distance. My next visit was to the Dryad Circle,—where, however, I could find nothing half so like a Satyr as myself.

Shall I proceed with this most impolitic piece of auto-biography, exposing my follies, and teaching my pharisaical readers to cry out—Thank God, we are not like this man?

Go on! go on!—If you conceal your follies, what will you have to distinguish you from any other dull, common-place gentleman, whose whole wit consists in his hiding the want of it?—Go on!

A noble incentive this for auto-biographers!—Remember it, John A-Styles! Put all your absurdities on record, or you will go near to be taken for a dull common-place gentleman, and die the very moment you are dead! The worms are the only people who will ever think of you after.—However——

It is thus that I pass my life, serenely, if not very soberly; pleasantly, if not profitably; in my bower, amidst my books, with my lyre beside, and my romantic solitude around me. I may indeed say that a "strenuous inertia exercises me," for though I am ever idle, I am always engaged. I muse, I dream, I read, and, of an odd time, attempt to reason. I philosophise in my own little way, and have attained the sweetest, if not the rarest fruit of philosophy,—happiness. Wisdom indeed hangs on too high a bough; even though I stood on tip-toes, or got upon the back of Plato and Tully, I am convinced I should never reach it. Of course, living the life I do, and being the man I am, I cannot help (as the reader has seen) being a *poet*. Not that I ever saw Parnassus, much less trod it. I am told it is very steep; though some of my informants being very lame, I wonder how they ever managed to ascend it, as they assured me they did.

But I have *a Parnassus of my own*, and a whole temple to myself. I have likewise sunk a little Castaly at its foot, for my private accommodation; I drink as much of this as I like, without having to wrangle for the bowl, or go down on my knees and scoop it up in the leaf of my hat. In this manner I have, as it may be said, taken a short cut to the Temple of Fame, and I would strongly recommend others to follow my example. It is much better, I am sure, than travelling such a distance, and coming back perhaps with one's skull fractured, in attempting to scale such a dangerous precipice. The purity of the water in this private fountain of mine is, I acknowledge, somewhat problematical; but then I may quaff as deeply of it as I please. This is an inconvenience to which all such domestic wells of inspiration are liable. It is impossible that Castaly itself should rise, like Arethusa, at so great an interval, and fill every poetaster's little basin. Nevertheless, the comforts of having one of those freehold springs on one's own domain far outweigh all opposite considerations. Some may probably choose every now and then to throw in a bucket-full drawn from another person's cask (one which has been filled at the genuine source), in order to improve the flavour of their

own, or clarify its dullness. I throw this out merely as a hint, of which I have no doubt many ingenious people will make their advantage.

In plain terms, I assert that I am a poet; if not of Nature's making, at least of my own. Yet, in faith and sincerity! I have often and violently struggled (when it was too late) to repress the rhyming principle within me: nay, to eradicate it, to pluck it up by the spurs, even though it tore some of the earth of my heart along with it, and to cast it, root, branch, and flowers away from me for ever. But I have always unfortunately, and, I declare, unwittingly, left some seedling behind, which has set itself in a moment, and, barren as the land may be, has put forth a new set of buds and flourished as bravely as the parent weed, whilst I, like a simpleton, have been congratulating myself upon the masterly style in which I got rid of so noxious and unprofitable a tenant. At length, through mere despair, I have thrown down the hoe, and let this garden also run as wild as it would. The consequence, as might be expected, is, that there is not a nook in my soul where I can rear a single nutritious vegetable; every inch is taken up by this pestilential weed; and for a crop of wholesome marketable herbs, I have nothing but an

eternal harvest of idle and worthless blossoms,—an acre of which would not bring me a penny.

Heavens and Earth! can I never speak plain English?

The last tedious paragraph, reader, about spurs, flowers, buds, weeds, hoes, nutritious vegetables, and worthless blossoms, means nothing in the world more than this,—I write poetry, with my will, but against my conscience. That is, in other words, I do what I should leave undone—which is no more than you, gentle reader, do every day, as well as I. So pray be charitable.

Seriously. Is it possible to live the life of a bird, and not chirrup? at least if you have all the organs, faculties, and facilities for chirruping.—Can I be expected to range this beauteous valley, and not speak of its beauty? Can I be expected to inhale the air of romance, and not give it utterance? Is it any wonder that when my torrent raves for ever, I should rave at times? When my groves are so musical, shall I never take up the reed? The daisy—the common field daisy—has a laureate to blazon her fame every morning,—and could I see my lovely flowers without one? Listen to that harp,—and tell me what kind of a soul must inhabit the breast which sounds so melancholy do not inspire?

Soul!—One which would not dare to transmigrate into a screech-owl!

If such is your opinion, most judicious reader, I can only wish you and myself joy of it: you, because it does your excellent sense and discretion (qualities which indeed I always knew you possessed) great credit; myself, inasmuch as by it you have unwittingly passed a general Act of Indemnity on all my poetical offences,—the said act too, as is manifest, being of a prospective as well as of an *ex post facto* nature. I shall take the benefit of it, be assured,—and that before you can pray for mercy.

ROBIN'S CROSS.

A little cross,
To tell my loss;
A little bed
To rest my head;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave.

I strew thy bed
Who loved thy lays;
The tear I shed,
The cross I raise,
With nothing more upon it than—
Here lies the Little Friend of Man!

These lilliputian lines I painted on a very small cross, erected to the memory of a robin-redbreast,

who had been my daily visitor for many years. He used to perch generally on the farther end of my couch, and setting up his little throat, pour forth such a volume of brilliant melody, as made the lyre itself thrill with pleasure to hear him. During the performance, his eye used to glisten like a black star, and his scarlet bib swelled out with very pride, like the sail of a full-blown nautilus. Having entertained me in this manner for a due length of time, he considered himself entitled to certain crums of bread, and I never knew him to abate his claim one atom till he gave it up altogether. He lies buried under a tuft in the midst of the bower-green, with his cross above him.

A good way down the vale there is a huge old gnarled oak, who, although he stands many paces from the river, stretches his arms half way across it, and by the monstrous swaying of these giant members, has created a kind of sanctum around him,—arrogating to himself, I suppose, the rank of Tyrant, as well as Father of the Forest. His trunk is quite hollow, and as Nature makes nothing in vain, it is absurd to deny that this wooden tenement has been excavated for some fit purpose. It is the very place for a Dryad; and as we are authorised (in the works of a perfect artist, which Nature is) to cal-

Soul!—O[illegible] I can hardly be into a screech of [illegible] when I affirm that a Dryad,

If such is [illegible] Dryad, inhabits this cavity. If I can only wish [illegible] would follow. I should go farther it does your ex[illegible] I have frequently seen her binding which indeed [illegible] and braiding her dark-green credit; mysel[illegible] while she sung her neglected tingly passed a [illegible] needless billows as they rolled at her poetical offenc[illegible] it the reader may please to afford being of a pr[illegible] [illegible] my own theory; and that is *facto* nature. [illegible] in general have thought assured,—and t[illegible] [illegible] their advancing whatever sup- [illegible] though perhaps as baseless [illegible] I have accordingly etched [illegible] slate, and inserted it, like [illegible] trunk of this oak, just

A l[illegible]
To [illegible]
A l[illegible]
To [illegible]
A little t[illegible]
Upon my [illegible]

[illegible] Thessaly:
I stre[illegible] again,
Who [illegible] vain;
The te[illegible] [illegible]he,
The cr[illegible] wreathe,
With nothi[illegible] [illegible]un,
Here lies the [illegible] dim,

These lilliputian li[illegible] [illegible]ere,
cross, erected to the [illegible]

Or loose them to the whistling wind,
And then with flowers and ivy bind.
We 've danced and sung on yonder glade
Whilst Pan on his rush-organ played,
And Satyr gambol'd, and young Faun
Whirled us around the reeling lawn,
Till Echo, whooping under ground,
Bid us to cease our antic round,
Else she would raise the hill with noise,
And spread to heaven her traitorous voice.
Then why should we for Tempe mourn,
Although we never can return?
This torrent rolls a wave as sweet
As ever Peneus uttered yet:
This father Oak which shelters me,
Hath not his peer in Thessaly:
This vale as deep, as wild, as green,
As Tempe is, or e'er hath been;
So like in wood, and stream, and air,
That oft we seem re-exiled there:
And scarce a Dryad here has flown,
But takes this Tempe for her own!

ust me, I can be as generous as you. anted me a license, into which you were nly by the warmth of your feelings, I u it shall not be abused. I candidly l, upon my word! without a thought of sion,—that to recite o own poetry t liberty one could h another —except pulling i I think, warra

sonal satisfaction, and the making the offender's life pay the forfeit of his deed, in one case as justly as in the other. I even doubt whether it might not be prosecuted as an assault; and whether the party aggrieved might not obtain liberal damages, from an impartial jury of citizens and householders, if he were to bring his action of battery. To set poetry before a reader, however,—merely to confront him with it on paper,—should not, I think, be considered in the light of a positive injury; because, surely, if he looks at it, he does so of his own free-will, and at his own peril? It is a minor offence, at all events; and deserves no further punishment than a gentle reprimand, or good advice (so as this be not very tedious or impressive),—upon the first occasion that offers, and when perhaps the culprit himself has wiped away half the fault in his tears.—

This is the motto of my Bower: it is carved on the oaken frieze of the entrance, in pretty large letters:

> Ev'n such a Bower, in such a vale, might choose,
> He whom the Muse loved, or who loved the Muse!

I hope it will be considered sufficiently modest. I dare not have said, like the imperious geometer—

Let no one but a *Poet* enter here,—for I am usually in it myself.

There is a long grass-grown alley behind the arbour, very narrow and private. To this I withdraw whenever I feel disposed to serious thoughts and complete abstraction from this under world. Two rows of poplars line it on each side; the uniformity of their appearance, and that of the green walk, offers nothing to seduce attention from its proper object. On the middlemost poplar-stem I have hung a leaden scroll bearing this MEMENTO—

> He who alone the wilderness hath trod,
> Can say that he hath walked alone with God!

Though I believe very few ever think of their fellow-traveller, or seek to shorten the way by conversing with him. Whenever my thoughts happen to stray, as they sometimes will, a glance at this scroll reminds me of whose invisible society I neglect to avail myself.

As you approach the Dryad Circle on the other side, there is a deep, limpid well, which might vie with the fountain of Cydnus, or the midnight spring at Ammon's temple, in extreme coldness. It is overshadowed by a steep rock; and a sprightly rivulet issuing from it, tumbles and babbles all the

way down to the river. Probably, like the Vizier in the fable, or certain other linguists by no means fabulous, I may be permitted to translate what I do not understand,—so as it serves my purpose.

O'er golden sands my waters flow,
With pearls my road is paven white;
Upon my banks sweet flowers blow,
And amber rocks direct me right.

Look in my mother-spring: how deep
Her dark-green waters, yet how clear!
For joy the pale-eyed stars do weep
To see themselves so beauteous here.

Her pebbles all to emeralds turn,
Her mosses fine as Nereid's hair;
Bright leaps the crystal from her urn,
As pure as dew, and twice as rare.

Taste of the wave: 'twill charm thy blood,
And make thy cheek out-bloom the rose,
'Twill calm thy heart, and clear thy mood—
Come! sip it freshly as it flows!

I have trifled long enough. But the enthusiast is often a fool; which holds good in romance as well as religion.

What a life is this! How singular, how melancholy, how sublime!—In what a deep, deep solitude am I immured!—Were the Angel of Destruction again to traverse from east to west, he might almost pass me over unknown.—Why, this might be an

island of the sky, floating silent and unseen amid the blue waves of ether! too small, or too distant from the other planets, to be distinguishable: so far is my dwelling removed from busy existence; so noteless, noiseless, so profoundly still!—For all I know or care of the petty concerns of Earth, I might be as distant from it as the walls of the world would let me. More alone I could not be were I another heaven's-length beyond them, riding on my lonely orb through that vast and vain expanse which stretches from the outermost sphere of stars to the footstool of God!—Yet, this is very Earth! These fatal cypresses tell me I am still in the chosen land of mortality. Ay,—and of magnificence, of beauty, too!—The sandy Moon herself,—yon sterile orb, so be-praised by philosophers and poets, so longed for by all who are tired of others and sick of themselves,—the sandy Moon herself could not show me such a glen as this amidst all her unfathomable valleys! No earth, but that of Earth, could produce so sweet a violet as this,—so rich a rose,—so pale a lily! I should like to hear that lunar torrent which could roar me such a liquid roundelay as my own rude stream! Wave your triumphant heads, my sable pines, and oaks raise your lordly foreheads higher! there are no such imperial blusterers as you

Whilst hung amid the bright flowers,
And passion'd by their sighs,
About the silent star-hours
My lyre's wild words arise.

Whether an elve descending
From out the joyless moon,
And to my bower bending
Sweeps o'er her airy tune;

Or that the vagrant night-breeze,
Poised on its viewless wings,
Whispers unto the light trees
Some sweet and amorous things,

I know not: but the words seem
At times as true and clear,
As to the eye the sunbeam,
Or thunder to the ear.

Sometimes as faint and foundless,
As perishing and vain,
As senseless, though not soundless,
As haunt the dreamer's brain.

Perchance they are my wind-lyre's;
Perchance they are my own;
When Night puts out the pale fires
I only know—they 're gone!

This is one of my "Idlenesses," as I call them; being the results of a merely idle, purposeless, and unaccountable love of poetry. As I have before

hinted, they profit me nothing either in the way of fame or of fortune. They are only defensible on the same ground which all the other acts of my life must take (a very dangerous one I own, if generally taken,) namely, that if they add nothing to the pleasure or benefit of society, they detract nothing from it. They are written solely for my own amusement (I do not give them here to *amuse*),—and are indeed, I fear, calculated for my singular approbation. I repeat it,—I have little ambition to be known as a poet; I worship the Muse only because I love her. There must be some innate principle, after all philosophers have said against it, some antecedent and abstract dispositions in the mind towards certain studies and pursuits. Else, why should I, for instance, find such happiness in poesy, from which I look for no advantage, and receive exactly as much, —that is, advantage distinct from the pleasure of the act itself? Yet I do feel an isolated satisfaction in the composition of poetry, which I would not sacrifice for more than would make a wise man stare if I mentioned it. Nay, so wayward is my character, that I verily believe I find the gratification more exquisite *because* it is individual. I have heard of poets whose admiration of their own works was

not a whit abated by the world's contempt of them; so far from it, that the more disgusted their readers grew, they themselves became the more ravished in proportion, and thus what they lost in the drawing-room they gained in the garret,—a clap with one pair of zealous and sonorous hands being fully equivalent to a dozen hisses, or the same number of yawns, even though accompanied with a snore (so that it did not come from an alderman.) But I am a pace beyond such gentlemen; no versifier, I suspect, but myself, feels gratification because the winds, the waters, and the flowers, are not only his sole admirers, but his sole auditors. So it is, however.

And after all, if we consider what human applause is, will my insensibility appear strange? Let Mr. Nibble, the critic, tell Sir John or Lady Betty that this or t'other poem is good, and Sir John or Lady Betty will immediately exclaim—'Tis delightful! But let the same literary *lex loquens* propound the same opinion to this rose, and she will smile at it,—to this Zephyr, and he will *poh!* at it,—to this river-god, and he will drown it in an *O! O!* much louder than a playhouse groan, or perhaps in a hearty roar of laughter. More probably, indeed, not one

of the three would pay the least attention to what he said, but allow him to carry off himself and his opinion without the satisfaction of this answer—that both were equally despicable.

Then what should I gain by being enrolled among the public poets? Let a person write any thing about Love and Libertinism (the taste now-a-days runs very much upon smiling sad-ones, pale girls, and voluptuous misanthropes), and so that there be in it sufficient puling and namby-pamby, he is sure to have all the ladies on his side,—the ladies of both sexes. Or let him oil the palm of some infallible,—let him vote on the same side,—or promise to pay in kind,—and though he uttered dulness which an ass would not bray, he shall be posted as a genuine son of the Muses. One of the first water, too!—Death is, to be sure, a critic as judicious as incorruptible. He often crops a poet's reputation span-small, which before had over-run an empire. Sometimes, with his most liberal scythe, he mows you down a whole shrubbery of laurel, to heap and entwine about the urn of one, whose very ashes turn paler at the neighbourhood of that which he died in despair of obtaining.—The tomb does not only smother unjust applause, but from its silence the voice of Fame often bursts forth in a peal that shakes

the uttermost ends of the earth with its glorious tremor. It hushes what the world huzzaed, and blazons what the world stifled.

To Death and the Grave, then, be our appeal!

You, the choice minions of the proud-lipt Nine
Who warble at the great Apollo's knee,
Why do you laugh at these rude lays of mine?
I seek not of your brotherhood to be!—
I do not play the public swan, nor try
To curve my proud neck on your vocal streams;
In my own little isle retreated,—I
Lose myself in my waters and my dreams.
Forgetful of the world,—forgotten too!—
The cygnet of my own secluded wave,
I sing, whilst dashing up their silver dew
For joy, the petty billows try to rave:
There is a still applause in solitude
Fitting alike my merits and my mood.

If I am questioned then why I write this memoir, and asked whether it is not in the vein of that philosopher who inscribed his name in the title-page of his work *De Contemnenda Gloria*,—what shall I reply? This is sufficient: I write for self-entertainment,—and perhaps to afford the world, after I have left it, some notion of what strange beings may pass through it without its knowledge.

But is not this, however excusable, rather a history of myself than of my subject,—the Enchanted Lyre?—With the event of last night too, before me!

There *is* a Spirit in this valley. I cannot be so often deceived. Do I talk irrationally? No, however unconnectedly. I know the difference (though Aristotle himself could not define it) between eccentricity and insanity. Do I think irrationally?—Extravagantly—fantastically, if you will—but not irrationally. My thoughts run in links, though few but myself perhaps can always detect the chain. They are irregular, venturous, vagabond; but I *know* them to be so. It is my love for what is wild that makes me extravagant, not my being extravagant that makes me love what is wild. But there *is* something,—I will not say supernatural,—there is most certainly something preternatural about these glades. Some being, other than we are acquainted with, haunts this bower: I heard her last night. As I sit here! I heard her. It could not have been a dream, for my eyes were as wide open as the moon they beheld in full glory. Yet perhaps their sense was shut? It may be so. I know —care not. But her voice, as it came swelling and dying with the breeze, is as fresh in my ear as my own. The very sounds of her lute, as delicate and faint as if they were struck on moonbeams, are yet ringing, like a chime of fairy-bells, in my brain.

I had remained very late in my bower; slumber

had overwhelmed me after a day's hard labour with the pruning hook. It was long after midnight when I awoke, and even then I could scarcely raise my head above the soft waves of sleep which still flowed over me, endeavouring to press me down again on my pillow. The stars were dropping coronets of jewels on the flowers, and the moonlight fringing their dark-green vests with silver. I heard music in the air above me, scarcely audible, but oh!—how angelically sweet! Some one weeping a song over her lute. I was unable to catch many of the words, they were so broken and wasted by the sighs which accompanied them; but they were uttered with the most heart-sore expression of grief, as if the airy weapon that pierced her were still lying in her heart. Oftentimes her inward tears seemed to be choking the minstrel. Both notes and words likewise were so high and exquisitely fine, that although apparently very near, they eluded, or rather kept above the utmost reach of my senses. As for the air itself, it was a perfect wilderness of sounds, without connexion or any return of melody; varied, dispersed, and unsatisfactory; now rapid, now slow, now sharp and piercing like a cry of agony, now indistinct and subdued like the murmurs of exhausted woe. Thus, though I listened to it for

an hour, I can now only remember its seraphic tone, its bewilderedness, and the refined poignancy of its sorrow. I shall never hear such music again!

The shadow of a sound is a phrase, however good in poetry, not permissible in prose; else I would say—Let me endeavour to raise the shadow of this song which I heard last night.—No! earth is too far below heaven. It will not do!—Mountains may have danced like French puppies, but I never heard of a clod singing like a cherub!

Yet I may surely describe what I cannot imitate? To mimic Jove's thunder deserved a bolt in the forehead, but to speak of its grandeur merits a clap of approval. Were I vainly to attempt my Spirit's notes, she might never sing again; if I merely praise them, I know she will.

In my bower so bright
As I lay last night,
The moon through the fresh leaves streaming,
There were sounds i' the air,
But I could not tell where,
Nor if I were thinking or dreaming.

'Twas the sound of a lute,
To a voice half mute,
That sunk when I thought it was swelling,
And it came to my ears,
As if drowned in the tears
Of the being whose woes it was telling.

Some accents I heard
Were like those of the bird
Who the lee-long night is mourning;
And some were like those
That we hear, when the rose
Sighs for her Zephyr's returning.

The tones were so sweet,
I thought it most meet
They should not be tones of gladness;
There are notes so fine,
That were melody mine,
They should only belong to sadness.

And the air-creature sung,
And the wild lute rung,
Like the bell when a cherub is dying;
I can tell no mo,
But the tale was of woe,
For the sounds were all lost in the sighing.

And still it sung on
Till the stars were gone,
And the sun through the dews was peeping;
When I woke in my bow'r,
Ev'ry leaf, ev'ry flow'r,
Ev'ry bud, ev'ry blossom—was weeping!

I may truly say, that I never experienced pleasure equal to the full delight of pain which I felt in hearing this spiritual music. Heavenly quiring may surpass it in glorious sweetness, but in mournful beauty the felicity which must ever breathe about the throne of Supreme Beatitude necessarily pre-

vents competition. This must be some frail seraph, who, in circling the empyreal chair, still looked down to earth upon a form of clay which she should long have forgotten, and was dismissed for her lowliness to the sphere she so passionately loved. Here, an outcast from Heaven, yet no tenant of earth, she wanders through the indifferent air, complaining to the cold stars of her dethronement, and to the sleepy flowers of her departure from among them. Unwilling to put off her earthly affections, she will not be allowed to mix with angels; unable to put off her immortal attributes, she cannot mingle with men. So the tale of her woe is to be sung for ever!

I will listen again to-night. She is half woman yet, and will tell me the secret of her story if it be only to obtain praise for her song and pity for her sorrows. Am not I as worthy a depository as a tell-tale Zephyr, or a babbling bulrush? See what a trick they played asinine Midas!—I hope, however, she may not enjoin silence, and so have the world's compassion as well as mine.—*Allons!* that is,—I and my shade.

The moonlight is so strong that I could write fairy-hand on my tablets. O for a painter's soul and hand to sketch the scene above and about me! —Blue ether, green mead, and brown forest, all the

eyes of heaven are looking on your beauty!—Stop: here is a magic ring in the midst of the lawn; I will stand within it, whilst yon radiant apparition glides distantly around. It is surely but the sun who has shrouded his face in a veil of silver!—he wishes to see how the earth looks at midnight. Glory so bright cannot be borrowed. That distant rill! it appears like a huge glassy serpent creeping through the sward. There is a rock which has passed from granite into crystal within this hour! Never did the moon blaze so unconquerably bright: the rays pierce, though I do not feel them. Ay, but they are steeped in dew, and burn not, like sunbeams, where they fall.—Dost thou not remember me, Ungrateful? she seems to say, with the pale and placid smile which is all her own,—Dost thou not remember me, thou scorner of my beauty? I who have wept o'er thy sorrows, smiled o'er thy joys, and mourned at thy misfortunes? I who have sweetened the bitterness of thy recollections with the influence of my gentle spirit, and poured the balm of my silent consolation into thy wounded heart? Dost thou not remember me, faithless as thou art! whom thou hast sworn—O, how often!—to adore as thy sole mistress; than whom thou hast no other friend upon the wide earth; and who, thou well

knowest, am the only one of all thou hast ever seen who will spend a single tear upon thy grave?—Here casting upon me a look of affected contempt, she walks higher, and drawing in her train a thousand glittering parasites, majestically paces towards her throne.

Offended as she is with me, see how bountiful she is to my woodland! Could all the diamonds she is now showering upon this glade be swept together, what a treasure they would make!—A basin full of very pure water, says the lapidary.—And pray, sir, what are *your* most inestimable Golcondese but hard water?—'Tis false, sir! they are not hard water; they are— Charcoal! clarified charcoal! So they are: I crave your pardon, Mr. Grindstone, for my chemical forgetfulness.

Grindstone! Death to all sentiment! What brings the moon and a grindstone together? How have they happened to clash in my brain? Is there any resemblance between them?—After all, a grindstone is as like the moon as a "green cheese," which is the favourite simile. There again!—*green cheese!* From the sublime to the ridiculous a hair's breadth. Thus it is with us all!—Hear that philosopher, how magnificently he talks of the *divinæ particula auræ*,—and then swallows a calf's-foot in a jelly!—

Can I—can I possibly find a lower step in the bathos than this last idea to which I have descended from Heaven itself? O shame! But such is my retrograde nature. Down, down, profaner of all that it is beautiful! Down, and hide at once thy blushes and thy impiety in the shades of thy valley! Thou wilt else be planet-struck!—O heaven forgive me!

Custom has made this bower to me more grateful than a tapestried bed-room: I have no more objection to sleep all night upon a couch of roses than a highlander on a lair of heather. Besides, along with the mantle of inspiration, I have another of a somewhat less refined texture, which in its own humble sublunary way is quite as useful to the wearer. I generally wrap myself in this sable envelope before night wraps me in a darker; and thus immersed in its ample folds throw myself, as I do now, upon my rustic couch, there to meditate like another Penruddoc, or Il Penseroso, the moon and I peeping through the leaves at each other's magnificence. Yet, in faith! she is a splendid creature! She will not suffer the night to darken my sable, but edges it herself with silver. How beautifully the shadows fall on the terrace before me! A clear green light shines sweet and silent

between the trees on either hand, lengthening the forms of some till they stretch nearly across the esplanade, and opening vistas through those on the other side which may lead to the bright fairy-spots of the forest. The dryad circle on the opposite hill is smooth for the dance, and in the green alleys and recesses between the roots of its oaks are the masquers preparing and whispering together. Was that a figure which crossed its floor?—No: a cloud passed over the moon; it is now traversing with shadowy feet the deep foliage that covers the dale-side like a rich carpet. Through the roof of my arbour are pushed spears of light which rest their shining points on the floor, chequering it with bright circles where they stand. How purely red looks that drooping rose, and how green her mossy cap, as the light streams upon the slumberer! —like a girl in a warm dream, her cheek flushed with the hue of her vision, from which she would never awaken. Methinks the flower sighs, as might the maiden!—Yon glossy myrtle and this smooth laurel at my feet increase the brightness of the bower: every leaf is a looking-glass for the lady-elves which flutter around. Hark! hark!—the lyre begins! Wild and wandering, half-touched

notes, but sweeter than ever sounded in the ear of fancy. The moon bends to hear, and the flowers grow brighter as they smile, even in sleep, at the melody they love. Louder, yet as soft, the little mourner swells its tremulous voice, and the fitful recitation attains its irregular rhythm: a brief preluding thrill, a sweep down to the strings of uttermost sorrow; now again it rises to a wild, faint shriek of agony, and then dies away in broken murmurs and repeated sighs.—Receive me, roses! yet deeper and deeper in your blushing bosoms. Sweet perfume and sweet music herald the sweetest dreams. Hush!— the ivy rustles as if swept with airy wings, and the bower darkens with a new presence. A moan! a throb!—a deep-drawn sigh! Words are murmured to the harp above me, and mingle inaudibly with its sound.—Is this too but a vision?—Waken!—The hand of slumber presses heavy on my eyelids, and I cannot raise it. Lyrist! the hour is thine own!——

Listen to the Lyre!——
Listen to the knelling of its sweet-toned ditty!—
Shrilly now as Pain resounds the various wire!
Now as soft as Pity!
Soft as Pity!

Will the Dreamer know
Who upon the melancholy harp loves weeping?—
Dreamer! It is I that tell the tale of wo,
Still while thou art sleeping,
Thou art sleeping!

Thrilling up the strings!
Down again to murmur of my own deep sorrow!
Raving o'er its bosom while the night-wind sings;
Silent all the morrow!
All the morrow!

The deceitful breeze
Sighing here to imitate my song doth glory;
Weetless of my woes!—It cannot tell thee these:
Listen to my story,
To my story!

I was once the flower,
The all-beloved lily of this sweet, sweet valley;
Every wooing zephyr came to this green bower,
Fain, and fond to dally!
Fond to dally!

I could love but one:
He had loved me ever: but the flood's green daughters
With their syren music drew the sweet youth down,
Down beneath the waters,
'Neath the waters!

In the roaring wave
Like a silly maiden did I plunge down after,
Where, amid the billows, I was shown my grave,
With a hideous laughter
Hideous laughter!

I was called above;
But I found no happiness in lone, lone Heaven:
So because I would not—could not cease to love,
Earth-ward I was driven,
I was driven!

Like a winged dream
Here amid the bowers of my youth I hover,
Wailing o'er my sorrows to the deep chill stream
Where I lost my lover,
Lost my lover!

In his oozy bed
Coffinless he slumbers, with the wild flood rolling;
Mermen are his ringers, and his dirge is dread,
Still for ever tolling!
Ever tolling!

Hearken to the knell!
Hear it through the booming of the loud-voiced billows!
Hear it how it dingles like a clear death-bell,
Underneath the willows!
'Neath the willows!

In the desert hours,
Lyrist of thy visions! all my woes repeating,
With my tears for jewels do I fill the flowers,
While the stars are fleeting,
Stars are fleeting!

Thou wilt doubt the tale:
Wilt not still believe my woes: Thy harp bear token!—
See! Its very bosom-strings with this deep wail,—
All—like mine—are broken!
Mine are broken!

What a crash was there?—Is it possible?—Ay: the strings—every one—are torn asunder!—What am I to think of this?—Was my conjecture so true?—The very same voice that I heard last night!—It is beyond my philosophy!

I could here moralise a great deal, and expose much more of my life than I have done already: But had I not better leave the Reader in good time; that is, before he leaves me?—Folly such as mine is almost too serious to be amusing. He will have little difficulty in finding out some that is more truly ridiculous: he need not perhaps travel farther than his next acquaintance,—nor even quit the ground he stands on. Wisest men have their weakness. Imagine Solomon singing—"Her nose is like the tower of Lebanon!" &c. &c.

Farewell, Reader! You are happy, no doubt, that our communion is at an end, and I cannot but declare that I participate in your gratification.

Thus abruptly end these Memoirs. It is now time to ask the reader whether he found more satisfaction in the last paragraph, than in those before it. I am by no means indifferent to the answer which may be given; it will, of course, in some

measure affect my judgment as an Editor and Compiler. To give *my* opinion of the Auto-Biograph would have little weight; men frequently love their adopted child as much as their own. But, at all events, I think this may be said in its favour; that, independent of its merits or demerits as a literary composition, it affords us some knowledge of Human Character, exhibiting as it does, pretty frankly, the private disposition of an Individual. It is one advantage which (in default of any other) we may always expect to reap from such Egotistical Confessions, and indeed from Egotism in general; namely, that the confessor wishing to acquaint us intimately with his several perfections, unwarily, at the same time, lets slip some pretty broad hints of his weaknesses; he places a window in his own breast, and although he would have us look only into one cell of his heart, he cannot hinder us from peeping, by chance as it were, into another. We thus develope Individual, and thence, Human Character. So that I cannot but approve the very great Candour of the present Age, whereby authors of every and no rank, led by some great examples, are tempted to inform the world of what the world never sought to know,—their histories. Or at least, if approve be too strong a word,—I acquiesce

in it. The chance of learning something, is a counterpoise to the risk of learning nothing.

In addition to what I have just now said in favour of Egotism, I beg leave to add,—that a man will always write best on the subject which interests him most deeply; and what subject is so deeply interesting to a man as himself? Even of those who have "better halves," it is a question to me if there is one in ten thousand who does not feel a far livelier interest about the less precious moiety, (viz. *himself*), and who would not much rather expatiate on its unknown perfections: perhaps because he finds that it wants an eulogist.—Hence Egotism may improve an indifferent style, exalt a good one; and hence again, it may be indulged with some benefit to the world, though with an incomparably greater share of pleasure to the writer.

The Author of the preceding Memoirs might have written that sentence in Montaigne's Preface (though it is almost unnecessary to say he did not), —"I have had no regard, in this Work, either to the Reader's service or my own glory." Whether he might have written it with truth, is, I fancy, about as problematical in his case, as in Montaigne's. It is possible that neither the one nor the other were as free from Milton's complaint, "the last

infirmity of noble minds," as they wish to appear. My own opinion is, that an angel would not sing in heaven if there was nobody to listen to him; for would he not immediately ask himself—*cui bono?* Much more certain, therefore, am I, that a poor clay creature, with all the vanities and desires of his earthly estate about him, would never have sung so many verses, were there nobody but Echo to repeat them. The author, to be sure, might here remind me—that a nightingale loves singing in the dark; but I believe there is little more logic necessary to prove that a man is not a nightingale, than that he is not a horse. There are many of my acquaintance who do all their good deeds in the dark, —at least it is very hard to come at the knowledge of them,—but to sing under a bushel, is certainly not one of the number. The "still applause of solitude" may be very comfortable where the loud approbation of society is in abeyance; he who tells me, however, of his contempt for the public, strongly inclines me to believe that the feeling is only reciprocal. Fear, it is true, may do the work of Contempt; and this Author may have suppressed his works, not so much because he despised popularity, as because he despaired of it.

Viewing the acts, and considering the feelings of

our Solitary in this light, I have determined to do for him what he trembled to do for himself,—*scil.* to make his productions known. Along with the preceding MSS., came into my hands certain other Pieces, all written in a similar character; being peculiarly unique (somewhat like English written in Greek), it is decisive of the author's identity. These I shall proceed to give; on the hypothesis that you, O Reader, will consider this Supplement of the Author's works, not as an oppression, but an accession; and that he, looking down from his Bower in Elysium, will behold, with an approving smile, my labour in the cause of his posthumous reputation. To rescue merit from obscurity, has ever been a task most grateful to my exceedingly philanthropical disposition: were it even my own which was in that sad predicament (though Heaven and the world's penetration be thanked! such is not the case), I should be the very first man to attempt bringing it into full view, notice, and favor.

I do not know if there was any particular scene or object in the Solitude which our Author has so fondly described, that might have given occasion to the following poem—The Palace of Ruin. But, to a poet, the sight of a blasted tree, or a barren rock, would be quite sufficient: as the fall of a leaf

is said to have suggested a whole system of philosophy, the sublimest ever promulgated, so an accident as trifling has frequently laid the quoin of a poetical superstructure which at length, perhaps, hid its ball and cross in the skies. The distance between earth and heaven is not a moment's flight of the imagination to him whose soul possibly will never be able to soar a tenth part of the journey.

THE PALACE OF RUIN.

Amid the roofless walls of a gray pile,
Built long of yore,
Where the huge rocks told of the giant style
Emperil'd now no more,
Which Earth's large-handed children strove to raise erewhile,
From the plain up to the high cerulean floor;

There, on a crumbling mass, which once had been
Ponderous stone,
And gazing dimly on the antique scene,
His tottering hall and throne,
Now carpeted with a sweeping pall of ivy green,—
I saw grim Ruin sitting in thought alone.

His eye o'erlooked the ocean and the land,
Well as the pile;
For a huge globe before him aye did stand,
Presenting human toil;
And when he saw domes shake, or ships bilge on the strand,
Seem'd the fell despot even in his heart to smile!

His wiry locks were iron-gray, or brown,
Spun from the mine,
And his hard features cast into one frown,
Iron in every line!
His brow was loaden with a spiked iron crown,
And his rude sceptre swang like an iron pine.

This ever and anon upon a rock,
Iron of sound,
With listless force yet heavily he strook;
So that, re-echoing round,
His topple-headed palace like a forest shook,
And its foundations trembled beneath the ground.

This is the blow that crumbles works of Art,
After their prime;
Which continent from continent doth part,
And breaks the chain of clime:
This is the stroke we feel—deadly upon the heart,
Prostrating all to the tyrant son of Time!

A sonnet, pretty much in the misanthropical vein of that already given, corroborates the evidence of the hand-writing; though indeed, if it have no other merit, this is a very superfluous one, as the matter wants no confirmation.

SONNET.

Why tell you me to lay the cittern by,
And vex no more its disobedient strings;
That every clash the soul of Sweetness wrings,
Quenching the lamp of bright Attention's eye?

What though the tender ear of Harmony
  Shrinks, as the plant draws up its leafy wings
  With a fine sense of pain!—the woodman sings
High in the rocky air, as rude as I;
  Yon shepherd pipes upon a reed as shrill
As ever blew in Arcady of yore;
  They sing and play to please their passion's will,
And waste the tedious hour;—I do no more!
  Then leave me to my harp and to my lay,
  Rebukable, yet unrebuked as they.

The idea of the Woodman, in this sonnet, resembles that beautiful one in Virgil's first Eclogue,

Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;

i. e. literally (for the benefit of Cam. and Oxon.)

"Here, under the steep rock, the woodcutter shall sing to the winds."

We all remember Waller's excuse to Charles the Second, for the beauty of his Panegyric on Cromwell, (though by the way we may observe, it is as dull as a dedication), "poets are happiest in fiction." Lovers, especially, are famous for eloquent lies; and upon this soft occasion, every one dabbles in poetic ink, however strictly his mother nature may have forbidden him to dirty his fingers. Will this theory explain this sonnet?

SONNET.

TO ———

Thou whom of all the beings I have seen
  I could adore most truly,—if our fate
Had so permitted it; but now I ween
  To love were far more cruel than to hate:
  O, had we met at some more happy date,
I might have won thee for my angel bride;
  And thou in me hadst found a truer mate
Than Constancy had ever known beside:
Our bodies as our kindred souls allied,
  I know no state of happiness more blest;
For thee, deserting all, I could have died,
  Or have died, all-deserted, on thy breast!
But, fare thee well!—I know that I am one
Condemned alike to live and die alone!

And what are we to make of the following "confession?"

SONNET.

To the same.

I thought that I could ever happy be,
  Married to meditation, and my lyre,
Charming the moments on with melody
  That fills the ear of musical desire:

But now far other thoughts my breast inspire;
I find no happiness in poesy;
Within my soul burns a diviner fire,
For now my heart is full of love and thee!
Yet, 'tis a melancholy thing to love,
When Fate or Expectation shuts the door,
When all the mercy I can hope, above
Mere friendship, is thy pity,—and no more.
For who could love a being such as me,
Thy most unhappy son, *Fatality?*

The tone of feeling in these latter sonnets is perhaps too deep to be feigned; at least we, who have not the luck to be poets, are unendowed with the faculty of telling such grave falsehoods. The Author indeed alludes to some circumstances of private history,—engagements perhaps of his mistress, and misfortunes of his own, which rendered his passion hopeless,—and this bestows a verisimilitude on his complaints, not easily controverted. We have no hint of who his Laura was, —if she be in truth any thing less apocryphal than Petrarch's. Should he really have experienced the misery he describes, we can only wish him joy of his ascent to heaven; he has passed through hell already,—for none can be deeper, bitterer, or more full of anguish than that of Unsuccessful Love.

The wound enters not only into the heart, but into the soul; so that even in Paradise it will bleed afresh, and whilst Memory remains it can never close!

I am glad to relieve these melancholy thoughts with a Lyric of our Author's, as wild in the subject as any we have yet seen, and rather more playful in the style. An odd mixture of the gloomy and the gay, the serious and the sportive, is apparent throughout the whole Memoir he has left us, and therefore may be judiciously preserved in his Remains. Without a word of recommendatory or damnatory criticism, without the slightest attempt to prejudice or prepossess—well knowing how tender the public has shown itself, especially within the twenty years just departed, of being led by the nose in matters of literature, (as is most incontrovertibly proved by the frightful deficiency of Critics and Critical Journals in these times, whereby people are reduced to the extremely disagreeable necessity of reading and judging for themselves, a thing never heard or thought of before)—I say being aware of this independent spirit on the part of the reading world, I have not offered a single opinion as to the merits of these Poems, lest it might be construed into a wish (presumptuous as

it regards such a discerning age) to direct your judgment. Leaving you to perform that office for yourself, which I am well assured, from all I see and hear, it would be the highest offence to take out of your hands,—namely, the office of *closet-prompter*, —I have introduced every production of our Author's pretty nearly in the subsequent manner.

THE WILD BEE'S TALE.

When the sun steps from the billow
  On the steep and stairless sky,
"Up!" I say, and quit my pillow,
  "Bed, for many an hour, good bye!"

Swiftly to the East I turn me,
  Where the world's great lustre beams,
Warm to bathe, but not to burn me,
  In its radiant fount of streams.

Then unto the glittering valley,
  Where Aurora strews her pearls,
With my favourite flowers to dally,
  Jewelled all, like princely girls!

There I hum amid the bushes,
  Eating honey, as it grows,
Off the cheek of maiden blushes,
  And the red lip of the rose.

In the ear of every flower
  Buzzing many a secret thing,
Every bright belle of the bower
  Thinks it is for her I sing.

But the valley and the river,
  That go with me as I go,
Know me for a grand deceiver;
  All my pretty pranks they know.

How I lull'd a rose with humming
  Gentle ditties in her ear,
Then into her bosom coming,
  Rifled all the treasure there.

How I kiss'd a pair of sisters
  Hanging from one parent tree,
Whilst each bud-mouth, as I kist her's,
  Call'd me—Her own little bee!

Now my Flower-gentle, sighing
  To so wild a lover true,
Tells me she is just a-dying,—
  So I must go kiss her too.

Down the Honeysuckle bending,
  As I light upon her crest,
And her silken tucker rending,
  Creep I bold into her breast.

There entranced, but scarcely sleeping,
  For one odorous while I lie;
But for all her wo and weeping,
  In a moment out I fly.

Golden-chain, with all her tresses,
Cannot bind me for an hour;
Soon I break her amorous jesses,
And desert the drooping flower.

They may talk of happy Heaven,
Of another World of Bliss;
Were I choice and freedom given,
I would ask no world but this.

Have they lawns so wide and sunny?
Have they such sweet valleys there?
Are their fields so full of honey?—
What care I for fields of air!

Give me Earth's rich sun and flowers,
Give me Earth's green fields and groves;
Let him fly to Eden's bowers,
He who such cold bowers loves.

O'er the broom and furze and heather,
That betuft the mountain side,
In the sweet sun-shiny weather,
Let me here for ever glide.

Let me o'er the woodland wander,
On my wild bassooning wing,
Let me, as the streams meander,
Murmur to their murmuring.

I can dream of nothing sweeter
Under or above the moon;
Tell me any thing that 's better,
And I'll change my song as soon.

But if Heaven must be,—I pr'ythee,
God of woodlands! grant my prayer—
Let me bring my woodland with me,
Or find such another there!

It will scarcely be doubted but that I—wrote several other Pieces; those now given comprise, however, the whole number which I found in the MSS. intrusted to me by his noble relation.

It has always been considered a judicious thing by the very best authors, modern as well as ancient, to conclude with a conclusion;—I most willingly subscribe to this opinion, and submit, with the best grace I can (for it is much easier to compose the middle of a folio than the end or beginning of a primer), to regulate my proceedings accordingly. Thus then——

To conclude: At an incredible expense of time and trouble, pens and paper, ink and eyesight, I have at length, Gentle Reader, collected, revised, and published these Remains. I need scarcely assure you, that the great end which I proposed myself, from first to last, in this undertaking, has been solely *your* interest: you cannot for a moment suspect me of pursuing my own under that cover: the imputation would be as false as the design would be unnatural. Such an unworthy motive

would but ill accord with the known magnanimity and liberality of Editors, which have indeed already passed into a proverb. There is no class of authors who devote themselves more assiduously to the public benefit, without the least thought (simple and generous men!) of any other reward than the consciousness of their own virtuous intentions, the proud satisfaction of having by their labours advanced the general cause of Morality, Wisdom, and Learning. Of this sublime philanthropical spirit I must declare myself a partaker in common with my brother-Editors; and I hope I may farther assert —in an equal degree with any of them.

With the hope, therefore, that you will respect my motive (and read my Remarks)—with the hope, too, that I have drawn my cloak about me with sufficient grace and solemnity at my departure,—I beg leave to make at once my bow and exit.

G. P.

Nota Bene. In the Epistle Dedicatory I totally forgot to give the writer credit for his preceding Remarks; I hope the Reader will not be guilty of a like oversight.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

Two violets weep
Over her grave: with pretty mournful eyes
Dropping blue crystal tears; yet turn'd to Heaven
As if to say—Blight us too!—Near the sod
Where buried beauty slumbers, grew a lily,
White as her innocence;—it died when she did!

THE LOVE-LORN.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

If a man walking by the side of a river, when the storm trampled it into billows, and shook its oaks to their roots, were to see a green and slender reed point all the while exactly to the zenith, he would most probably next look to see the sky fall or the sun tumble at his feet. Yet where would be the phenomenon? Is this so very unusual an occurrence?—What a reed is *woman!* What a very reed,—whom a breath can sway, whom a breath can bend to the earth,—whom we crush beneath our feet with less apprehension than a worm, for even *that* will turn on its destroyer! Yet if once this living reed imbibe a certain spirit, the manly oak himself will bend to the blast that she braves as erect as ever. Let a woman truly *love*,—let her once truly, ardently love, and feeble as she is in will and in body, all the storms of life cannot bend her a

I took advantage of my residence there to make frequent excursions into the surrounding neighbourhood, and in a short time knew every hill, vale, town, and hamlet within a circle of at least twenty miles. The first time I entered a village situate about ten miles from that in which I lived, was on a Sunday evening about six o'clock. The church-bell was tolling, as I thought, for prayers. I made my way towards the sound as well as I could, but should probably have gone a considerable round, if on turning the corner of a green lane which ran straight into the fields, I had not perceived a funeral procession slowly marching past the other end of it. Prayers for the dead they must be, then! said I, quickening my pace in order to reach the churchyard along with the crowd; for, strange as it may be, I am one of those who feel almost as deeply impressed by the funeral service read unaffectedly as by a dull sermon pronounced ever so well. The hearse was supported on four well-dressed young men's shoulders, and carried white plumes, a sign that its tenant had died unmarried.

"Who lies in the hearse?" said I to a little boy, whom I first overtook.

"Jessy Llewellyn, sir," replied the child, "a-going to be buried."

"She is at pains about it, then!" muttered I at the oddity of the boy's expression, though I protest without any design to offend the gentle shade of the girl, which I imagined looked at me from the hearse, as I uttered this inconsiderate observation—

"No wonder if she was, sir," added an elderly woman, who stood with her arms across, looking, or rather louring at the procession, and who had overheard the remark: "No wonder if she was; and God isn't just—God isn't just, (she repeated, shaking her clenched hand,) if the fellow who caused blooming sixteen to be laid under the sod, doesn't sup sorrow for it both here and hereafter!"

This was a coarse hard-favoured woman, (who by her accent might have been Irish,) but it was evident from her imprecation that she felt strongly and generously. "Was the girl but sixteen," inquired I; "and for what did the villain murder her?"

"Murder you may call it, indeed!" said the woman with an ejaculation which nearly resembled a laugh; "Murder it was indeed! and as cruel a murder as ever was done in a glen. Why, if you must know, (she roughly continued,) after a year's courtship he broke his promise to her and married

another; and so she took to her bed and never left it till she took to her coffin. Now you've heard all about it!" So saying she turned abruptly away and entered her cottage.

I followed the crowd into the church-yard, and as my civil informant had expressed it, saw "blooming sixteen laid under the sod," in about as short a time as she might have formerly danced sixteen rounds on the village green. Some of the bitter spirit, which agitated the above-mentioned old woman, took possession of me as I stood measuring with my eye the small mound of turf which had been just heaped up: I could not help inwardly cursing the wretch who had thus opened an early grave for one who adored him, and would hear perhaps of its being closed over her for ever, with a yell of laughter at what he may term the folly of her fate. My curiosity about this victim of love did not rest satisfied with the story I had heard: there was something more than commonly interesting here, and I was resolved to fathom it. Amongst the female mourners who accompanied the hearse I had remarked one, a girl apparently about the same "blooming" age; she wept incessantly as they were lowering Jessy into the grave, holding her kerchief up to her eyes, and leaning unconsciously

on one of the youthful bearers, who with his left arm round her waist seemed to take great pains in supporting her. Every one had now quitted the churchyard, but I met this young fellow just as I was passing out through the gate, and was directed by him to where Ellen Williams (the girl I speak of) resided. It was a small, neat, white-washed cottage. I entered and inquired for her. She came out of an inner room, still sobbing deeply and hiding her face in her kerchief. It was rather unkind of me to press her on a subject which appeared to be so near her heart, but I felt anxious and interested in the highest degree; besides, I had to return that night to my own village: and moreover I knew that we all like to speak our griefs though the history be ever so painful.

I therefore prefaced my inquiry as tenderly as I could, requesting to hear the story of her unfortunate friend. She made me no answer, but taking my hand, and leading me into a little room, pointed to a small bed, from whence I saw, by the withered flowers and the death-like drapery which covered it, a corse had lately been removed. Ellen sat down on a little leathern trunk, which had the initials J. L. marked out by brass-headed nails upon its lid, and fronted the bedside. With both her hands

pressing the kerchief to her eyes, and rocking herself to and fro as she sat,—"There is the bed she died in," said Ellen, in a broken voice of agony.

"Poor soul!—Well: she is in a better place now," I rejoined, not knowing what to say, and recurring to the usual mode of consolation.

"Ay," replied Ellen, wiping her eyes, and seeming to take comfort from the thought,—"and I am a selfish creature to wish to recall her. She was not so happy on earth, I am sure!—But yet," cried the affectionate girl, again weeping bitterly, "I cannot help crying when I think of her. So young—so beautiful—so good—she was the only one I ever loved,—or ever shall! And to be taken from me so soon—and to die so sadly—O! Jessy! Jessy! you would not live for *me!* I would not have left *you* so!—Why did you not despise him that forsook you, as *I* would have done? Well! you will have lovers enough where you are now, and those who will never desert you!"

I had not thought of this topic of consolation so natural to a young maiden, else I should certainly have made use of it: Ellen seemed to derive much benefit from it. She became somewhat more composed; and though her eyes every now and then overflowed, when she looked at the bed, or a pair

of small woman's shoes which lay on the window-seat, and I suppose had belonged to Jessy, or when she recollected on whose trunk she was sitting, she had wept and consoled herself into a state of some tranquillity, when I ventured to lead her back into the other room.

Her mother had come home in the mean time, a decent-looking elderly woman: she endeavoured to comfort Ellen with all the arguments her stock of homely philosophy afforded. The girl heard them in silence; but I thought wept more, the more she attempted to put the gentle command—"Weep no more, my sweet Ellen!" in practice. After sitting with her for half an hour, without almost a word passing but the soothing endearments of her mother, she at length, of her own accord, entered upon the history of poor Jessy. It was, perhaps, little more than the annals of every village afford, except that the catastrophe, I hope, is not very usual. She had fallen in love about a year before her death with a young man, the son of a farmer, who lived some miles off in the country, and he had returned her passion with every mark of sincerity. Being an orphan, an old lady in the neighbourhood, who was struck with her beauty and propriety of conduct, had taken her as a sort of companion, and given

her some slight education. But her lover in the mean time had seen another girl, whose wealth, as the only child of a rich neighbouring grazier, made her appear to both him and his father (especially the latter) a much better match than simple, portionless Jessy. He married his new love, and it broke Jessy's heart. She had been always very delicate; a slight blast of misfortune was enough to kill so tender a flower. She fell into a decline, which was the more fatal, as she studiously concealed the cause of it; and her mistress, finding her now useless as a companion, had dismissed her with a few guineas and her blessing, to recover or die as she might. Can there be imagined a picture more affecting than this poor girl, with an aching heart, a burning brow, and a step faltering with sickness, quitting the roof which refused to shelter her, and seeking wistfully for a quiet spot where she might lay down her head and die? But she did find a pitying bosom, wherein to pour out her anguish and her sorrows; she did find a roof, though an humble one, to shelter and conceal her; she died, if not in happiness, at least in peace, with the certainty of a tear at her departure, and a flower on her grave. Her friend Ellen was alone privy to the grief of which she was dying: to her cottage

she repaired, where all the little offices of kindness and attention, which the most disinterested affection could suggest, were fulfilled with a sedulity as unremitting as it was vain. She never uttered a complaint; rarely spoke of him who had forsaken her; and then only in terms of unabated love, and sweet forgiveness. She acknowledged that she did not deserve him; said that it was no wonder he preferred one who was so handsome, and so rich,—neither of which, she remarked with a sigh and a smile, *she* could pretend to be: she was persuaded he had only yielded to the authority of his father; and added, that even if he had forgotten her a little unkindly, she forgave him with all her heart: she besought Heaven that he might live happily with his beautiful wife, and never feel a pang of remorse on account of his treatment of her, to embitter his life for a moment. Thus she gradually declined; her cheek lost all its delicate freshness, her eye assumed the unearthly lustre which often precedes dissolution, her strength went, and even her voice sank into a gentle whisper that could scarce be heard beyond her pillow. After lingering a few months in this way she died on her friend's bosom, with a smile that told how happy she was to leave a world which had used her unoffending spirit so hardly.

Jessy Llewellyn, it appears, was a girl of superior mind, and of very exquisite feelings. Had she lived in a higher sphere, she would have adorned it. Even as it was, her talents had displayed themselves, and had early acquired her the respect, as her sweet and unassuming disposition had obtained her the love, of the whole village. She had been reared rather too delicately for her situation by a fond mother, who had also sent her to a school in the neighbourhood for instruction, expecting I know not what from her daughter's abilities. Her family had been originally a very respectable one; and Jessy, by the native grace of her manners and the unaffected propriety of her conversation, had given evident marks of hereditary gentility. These had gained her the name of "the lady of the village" amongst her youthful companions, whilst her love of reading and of information made even the schoolmistress, who had till then thought herself infallible, begin to rub her spectacles and read "The Whole Duty of Man" (which she had not looked into for forty years) over again, that she might still be able to compete with her pupil in all matters of literature and knowledge. Jessy had even (but this was a secret to all except her friend Ellen) written a great deal of *poetry*, and the village was sur-

prised by hearing songs about love, weddings, perjured swains, and broken hearts, which the oldest inhabitants could not remember amongst all the traditionary melodies of the place. I asked to see some of these compositions, but Ellen told me the manuscripts had all been destroyed as soon as the writer of them had learned them pat off, lest she might be discovered by her handwriting; for it appears that she had instinctively the fear of being considered a blue-stocking. One of them only, which she had written a short time before her death, and which Ellen had begged of her as a keepsake, remained in existence. It was carefully locked up in a little box which stood upon a high shelf over the chimney-piece, and the poor girl, as she took it out to show it me, again burst into a flood of tears, kissed it several times and pressed it to her bosom. It was a pretty long scroll, written in a weak and illegible hand, but the words almost all spelled accurately, and the grammar by no means so defective as one would have expected. I entreated leave to take a copy of it, which was readily granted, with an appearance too of satisfaction that I seemed to value the treasure so highly.

I am about to present the reader with this little poem. Its best quality is perhaps its extreme art-

lessness, its simple expression of intense feeling, without any ornament whatever to indicate artifice in the writer. She had repeated it, Ellen told me, to her and another girl, who on account of their old friendship at school and her unceasing prayers to be admitted to see Jessy, had at length been let into her room and her secret: she had repeated it to them voluntarily one morning as they stood by her bedside, after she had pointed out a particular shady spot in the churchyard where it was her wish to be buried. Indeed it appeared little more than such a conversation as the dying girl might have held on such an occasion, but that it was reduced to an irregular and as it were heart-broken kind of verse. Imagination may do much, but I thought I could even catch the short gasping of the breath, and then the more lengthened effort of painful respiration, in its very unequal lines. I could not at first collect the exact metre, which was but imperfectly preserved throughout the different stanzas, and have been at considerable pains in giving the verses their exact number of syllables, as well as in correcting a few inaccuracies of expression, so as to render the whole perhaps not unworthy a perusal. To me its smothered tone of anguish and disappointed love, the picture it exhi-

bits of beauty perishing in sorrow and in secresy, the delicacy and devotion of the love which it pourtrays, give it an interest which I would fain impart to others.

Oh, tell ye not my lover,
Lest he perchance should sorrow at the tale,
That from the time we parted
My cheek grew pale;
Tell him not, though he left me,—for a bride
Beauteous, I own, as the bright moon above her,—
Tell him not that I died
Love-lorn and broken-hearted.

Say not how I have perished;
Oh! no, no, no,—say you not that I pined,
Because I was forsaken,
Or he unkind:
Say that for his sweet wife I ever prayed,
And that his dear, dear name I ever cherished,
Till I to sleep was laid
Where I shall never waken.

Let him not see me carried
To my cold grave: toll not the passing bell,
For he might haply sadden
To hear that knell;
I would not cost him an unhappy tear:—
But should he come, and ask—who died unmarried?
Who lies i' the white-plumed bier?—
Say 'tis some unknown maiden.

Bury me 'neath the willow
That mourns in the far corner of the green;
Amid its drooping tresses
Will not be seen

So small a tomb as mine. Garland it gay
With flowers, to hide the name above my pillow;
Then if he pass that way,
He shall not know 'tis Jessy's.

But should he learn my story,
Bid him not weep, nor my sad fate deplore,
Say that I would not have him
Think of it more:
Remind him of how pale I used to be,
And like to die.—If he should be too sorry,
Give him this kiss for me,
And tell him I forgave him.

If the reader is disappointed in the above stanzas, if he has read them without the interest which I from peculiar circumstances feel in them, let the tedium he has endured be laid, I implore, solely to my account; let it not be charged upon the gentle memory of unfortunate Jessy, who never intended to molest the public with her simple verses. Whatever be the real merits of the composition, however, it has at least this extrinsic one with me, namely: It serves to establish my assertion,—that if we wish to find the most perfect instances of Love's Devotion we must look for them in the history of WOMAN.

PEDRO LADRON,

OR

THE SHEPHERD OF TOPPLEDOWN HILL.

PEDRO LADRON,

OR

THE SHEPHERD OF TOPPLEDOWN HILL.

In the Spanish settlement at Acapulco lived about two centuries ago one Pedro Ladron, a fellow of great shrewdness but of little common sense; the former of which he evinced by supporting a very comfortable though indolent existence on the fruits of his neighbours' industry, the latter by foregoing an honest livelihood which he might easily have earned by his own. How he lived indeed no one could precisely tell; he himself was always particularly reserved upon that subject, though infinitely communicative upon every other. It was true, Don Diego de Alcantara de Benecarlo di Brandimante Gran Castellar, who was descended from one of the first families in Castile, and moreover kept an *aguardienteria*, or brandy-shop, in Acapulco, was a stanch patron of our hero. He allowed him the free use of a bench which lay outside his house, and

Pedro was never without his cigar and his tipple while he sat there, although it was well known that he did not fairly earn the price of either from the first of January to the last of December.

Some of the neighbours attempted to explain this circumstance by attributing his mighty degree of favour with Don Diego de Alcantara de Benecarlo di Brandimante Gran Castellar to his skill in heraldry; by which he proved to the complete satisfaction of that magnanimous aguardientero that he, the said aguardientero, was cousin to the Duke of Medina Sidonia an hundred and ninety-seven times removed, that the blood of Alphonso the Great ran through his veins (making itself, as he judiciously observed, proudly manifest even in the very carbuncles which bedizened his nose), and that if right had its own he should now be grand-master of the high and mighty order of Alcantara, being the true lineal representative of the Marquis Gran Castellar who last enjoyed that title before it was usurped by the crown.

There certainly might have been some truth in this conjectural explanation; for Pedro was observed never to be so laboriously eloquent as when he dilated upon subjects of genealogy in presence of the landlord, to whom he always referred as one who had a right to know. But other commentators, who

were indeed chiefly of the scandal-loving sex, intimated that Pedro's good-fortune was more probably the result of his favour with *Donna* Diego, to whom he had made himself equally agreeable by a different kind of flattery from that with which he titillated the ear of her lofty-minded spouse. It could not be denied that he attended her with great politeness and respect; no more however than was due to the perfections of so lovely a creature, who had passed but a few years her grand climacteric, and who though a little unwieldy in bulk still possessed in full luxuriance all the charms which had decorated her person and face (save one eye, the loss of which only rendered the other more unique and attractive) forty years before.

Every one indeed, but her husband, knew that Pedro was Donna Ismenidora's professed *cortejo;* but most charitable people thought that the intrigue never went beyond a few little harmless gallantries, such as thrumming "*Mi bella*" on an old four-stringed guitar under her window of a summer's-evening, or ravishing a kiss from her pretty red hand as she sometimes in a fit of condescension blessed his obsequious arm with its weight. Nay, when elated with an extra cup of aguardiente, he certainly had been caught looking at her with a sort of a dying

expression about his eyes, as much as to say "Queen of my soul!" and seemed as if he could languish a little on that fragrant bosom, weather and she permitting such close contact (for both were generally very hot), whilst his doublet heaved with many a tender sigh, and his hat dangled amorously at his knee. No overt act however could be proved against him, and it is supposed by many that he owed his reputation as a gay deceiver more to the above-mentioned propensity to scandal in Donna Ismenidora's female neighbours, than to any real success of his own with this immaculate beauty. The whole affair is yet a problem, which we leave for the ingenuity of future historians to resolve.

Be it as it might, this is a certain fact, that Pedro could have done any thing in Don Diego's house, but "let his lodging," as the neighbours said, or turn the good man out of his bed—by means of his favour with one or other of the proprietors. But even this was not sufficient to explain our hero's life in other respects. He was seen in all places of public show and amusement—the tennis-court, the bull-fight, the theatre, and the church: wherever pleasure was to be had for money, Pedro was a purchaser; wherever gaiety was going on, Pedro was sure to be a companion with the merriest. Besides, he dressed

himself as expensively and tawdrily as any cavalier in Acapulco; all the riches of his two patrons would scarcely have paid for the embroidery on his doublet. Nay, San Pablo himself, who was carried in procession once a year through the streets, apparelled in all the finery of his convent, might have looked down from his scaffold with envy on the flowing *capa* of our idle gentleman. A little further specification of his personal equipage may not be disagreeable.

First, then, he wore an enormous feather in his hat, which bent down backwards to the end of his chine, and would have nearly reached his heels had it been pulled straight. The hat itself shaded him like a pent-house. From under this, and long before his face was visible, a huge pair of moustachios were seen dancing and swagging like a couple of black pigs' tails (only more ferociously curled) in the breeze. Added to these fearful insignia, Pedro though he kept no nag was always accoutred in a pair of massy spurs made after the ancient Spanish fashion, that is to say, with rowels as long as the spokes of a jack-fly: these he constantly wore, (some averred he slept in them), and whenever you caught the view of a pair of spurs, more extravagantly sized than usual, vanishing round a corner or in at a doorway, you might be pretty certain that Pedro Ladron

was walking before them. Though of rather diminutive stature, he also usually wore in his broad buffalo belt a Toledo of intolerable dimensions, the basket of which as he stood upright was on a line with his chin, and was large enough to contain a week's provisions; whilst both the blade and guard were so long that he looked as if he was carrying his cross, rather than his sword, with him. His boots and gloves were on the same scale: when standing upright he seemed to be immersed to the knees in a couple of water-buckets, and to have his arms thrust up to the shoulder in another pair of somewhat less diameter. A brace of huge silver-mounted pistols, nearly the length and bore of blunderbusses, were stuck in his breast, and completed the warlike attire of this terrific personage. We forgot indeed to mention his dagger, the size of a moderate rapier, and so sharp that he frequently pared his nails with it, in sight of the whole aguardienteria.

This paraphernalia, so much out of proportion with his bulk, might have rendered the little man somewhat of a butt amongst his companions; and indeed one of them (who thought himself a sly wag) had passed a few jokes on his spurs and Toledo a short time before: Pedro eyed him askance, let him have his joke out, only muttering as he rose and de-

parted, that he (the wag) was not "the first fool whose joke had cost him a coffin." The phrase was rather ominous, and a gloom overspread the whole audience whose faces had so lately glistened with laughter, whilst they marked the dark flashing of his little snaky eye as he uttered it. Gomez himself, the joke-maker, after a few faint attempts at wit, became terribly chap-fallen. Nothing however immediately followed the threat, and Pedro seemed to have forgotten his anger. But the next time the buccaneers were seen on the coast, Gomez disappeared, and was never heard of after. Some said a corpse was found in the woods, but the vultures and beasts of prey had so disfigured it, that no one could recognize the lineaments of the unfortunate jester: some said that being a wild, good-for-nothing fellow, he had enlisted among the pirates; whilst others believed, and many were ready to swear, he had been carried off by a condor. Whatever might have been the truth, Pedro, his spurs, and his sword, were from that time forward a subject of more fear than ridicule.

Notwithstanding this little interruption, however, our hero still continued to maintain his popularity at the aguardienteria, where he was the *magnus Apollo*, the Sir Oracle, of a numerous assembly

which gathered every evening to soak away the hours and listen to his wonderful stories. In his youth he had been a great traveller, and had made several voyages to all parts of the world. He had been in many capacities; a soldier, a sailor, a trader—of both kinds, as it was whispered, contraband as well as legal. His connexion with the buccaneers, who at this time swarmed in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, was shrewdly suspected by the authorities at Acapulco; but either he carried matters so secretly, or the governor had such golden reasons given him by Pedro and his party for considering him innocent, that he lived with as much security under the nose of the Inquisition as one of its own familiars. A life passed amid such varied scenes and occupations necessarily furnished Pedro's mind and memory with a great stock of knowledge, though somewhat ill digested; neither was he of a temper to put his light under a bushel, or to deny the world and himself the gratification of being respectively enlightened and admired.

Indeed perhaps this communicativeness emanated less from a spirit of genuine philanthropy than from a motive quite as intelligible. If the truth must be told, in our friend Pedro's disposition there was a spice of vanity which leavened his whole conversa-

tion, dress, and behaviour. That subject which to every sex, age, and condition, is so pregnant with reflective delight, which possesses for every one such unfading charms, and which the longer we think of the more we love to dwell upon—videlicet, *self*—was to our transatlantic Longsword peculiarly delightful, charming, and interesting. He dwelt with ineffable satisfaction on his own exploits, recounted his scapes and dangers by flood and field with increased pleasure and additional circumstances every successive opportunity; nor did he ever seem tired of listening to his own praises in his own very copious and energetic language. He had a faculty likewise of giving to stories, which he had repeated several times over, a freshness and a novelty on every new occasion that rendered them almost as good as if they came that moment from the mint. And this he accomplished merely by his knack at embellishment and amplification, two figures of speech very useful to him as well as to all other orators PRO SE. Thus although, as the metaphysicians have it, the personal identity of the story was never actually lost, yet by successive ornaments and additaments it was at length so metamorphosed that not one among his auditory could have positively sworn it was the same story they had heard a fortnight before. Even he himself was, of an odd time, bewildered.

With these several endowments and qualifications, it was no great wonder that our hero was enabled to raise himself to so high a pitch of favour and popularity with the multitude, that San Pablo himself had scarcely a larger or more devout congregation around him whenever he deigned to open his mouth, (which he regularly did on festival days, this being his prescribed miracle.) We grant, indeed, that Pedro was rather more successful than people generally are, whose own feats and merits compose the greatest, if not the best part of their discourse; it is only by laying on a manual embargo that they can persuade any one to listen to them. But Pedro had the art to intermingle himself with so many curious adventures, strange accidents, and incredible occurrences, that he never failed to interest the hearers in both subjects, so that they were eternally at loggerheads for a good place in the circle, where they gazed with open mouths on the pompous little narrator, as if they could swallow him as well as his stories.

Such a circle had he about him every evening, when the mosquitoes began to swarm thicker in the breathless air, and the gentle waves of the Pacific, smoothed over with the golden hand of Phœbus as he prepared his western bed, fell in liquid layers

upon the shore. This was the time when the thirsty neighbourhood flocked to Don Diego's aguardienteria, where in measures of all capacities, not only brandy, but every other liquor which is drunk by the lower orders in that sultry climate, was distributed to the guests with as much readiness and good-will, as if it had been gratuitous. And this also was the time when our hero of the spurs was in the meridian of his glory,—just when the other luminary had withdrawn the light of his countenance, or at least was veiling it in the evening mist, ashamed to be seen outdone by his more illustrious competitor for admiration. Indeed, no sooner did he make his appearance at Don Diego's, than all eyes were turned upon him. Apollo might go whistle; the sun of the Acapulcans was come to take his tipple at our noble aguardientero's, and immediately his worship began. Picture him to yourself, reader! There, with his head reclining on the bench arm, his trusty and right well-beloved Toledo lying like a big-headed, inflexible wife, in his bosom, one leg occupying the whole length of the bench, and the other dangling its monstrous jackfly beneath, Pedro, with cigar in mouth, and cup in hand, related, in solemn voice and swelling diction, the achievements and ad-

ventures of his heroic life; whilst the amazed bystanders looked at him, then at heaven, and then at him again, with as many foolish faces of praise as there were faces among them.

We have before hinted, that our honest friend Pedro, like Tully, was not only a little Asiatic in his style, but likewise indulged pretty frequently that method of speaking which the Roman orator calls the *os rotundum*; that is to say, he frequently made *round and large assertions* on the subject of his feats and excursions. His auditors, he knew, possessed no ready means of discovering whether his accounts were exactly conformable to the standard of truth, which gave him a courage and a sort of off-handedness, no less agreeable than imposing. His fancy had thus full swing, and his story full credit; two things of mighty importance to an historian, and which Pedro, for his simple particular, did not fail to make a good use of.

Whether it were that this faculty or propensity (call it as you will) was improved by exercise, or that the magnanimous disposition of the true Spaniard, which disdains all circumscription, was still endeavouring to transcend its former efforts, we know not; but our hero was observed gradually to extend the sphere of his adventures, as well as to

increase their number and magnify their nature. Something of the bragadoccio undoubtedly entered into this little gentleman's composition; or perhaps it would be more polite to say, that he had a taste for the sublime, a love of the marvellous, which made him swell out both his subject and himself beyond due compass. In fine, if we consider, as was already observed, that there is no theme whatever on which a man is so prone to display the towering nature of his genius, and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination, as on his own deeds, adventures, and endowments; it is not difficult to solve our friend Pedro's tendency, in such personal matters, to luxuriate in that so natural figure of rhetoric—exaggeration. But we shall (or at least we should) readily overlook in him that which we probably could never see in ourselves.

It is but fair however to add, that a very different cause from any we have assigned was given out by one or two of Pedro's friends, (as they rightly called themselves), for his late experiments on the credulity of his hearers: to wit, a certain old bronze-complexioned wooden-legged soldier, who entitled himself Captain Rovedillo, being lately invalided after many years of service, and observing what a profitable trade our hero drove in

story-telling, had set up a kind of opposition story-shop at a *café* within a few doors of the aguardienteria, and had already drawn away great numbers to his standard. Having been quartered in different parts of America at different periods of his military life, he had of course seen many wonders, and heard (from the best authority of course) of many more. He had at his fingers' ends the siege and destruction of the great Tenochtitlan, capital of ancient Mexico; the sanguinary battle of Tabasco, where a million of native Indians were slain by Cortez, with the loss of only one man and a Tlascalan auxiliary; the terrific details of the *Noche triste*, in which the glorious apostle St. James of Compostella appeared, armed cap-à-pie, on a mottled gray horse in the midst of the fight, dealing death and destruction around him, as if he were the very devil incarnate; together with numberless sieges, battles, and noche-tristes besides, which have escaped the notice of every other historian.

This wonderful traveller could likewise astonish his audience with long and magnificent accounts of the famous city El Dorado, where the houses were built of silver ingots as large as brick-bats, roofed with sheets of solid gold, and had windows glazed

with plate diamond as broad as Venetian mirrors. In this extraordinary town, the very paving stones were emeralds, topazes, amethysts, and rubies; the gravel nothing but seed-pearl; and as for gold dust, it was the only dust in the place. This was truly a rich subject for the captain's eloquence; it was a mine which he could never exhaust. Whenever his memory or imagination was at fault, he had only to betake himself to El Dorado, and producing a church of massy crystal, or a river of molten gold, his story went on as smoothly as ever. Whilst employed in describing this treasure of a city, like Midas, every thing he touched became precious; and like Midas too, or rather more fortunate, he had for his reward a great many pairs of asses' ears presented to him daily.

Besides, the captain's last expedition had been into the country of the Patagonians, a nation of giants inhabiting the southern parts of America, who were well known to be from fifteen to twenty feet high, and who wore heads like dogs, together with excessively long tails, which they were accustomed to whisk about with great force in their enemies' faces, so as, like ancient Parthians, to wound when they were thought to fly. The narrator then opening his mouth very wide, and show-

ing that he had not a single tooth in one side of his jaw, averred that they had been every one knocked out by a slap of this terrible weapon. He told of one of these giants who had attempted to cleave a rock with a stroke of his tail, but being unable to get any farther than the middle, the rock closed, and he was obliged to carry it after him, as a dog does a kettle, till death relieved him from the unhandsome appendage. On this last subject indeed he displayed a wonderful quantity of information, as accurate as it was minute; he described the truculent aspects of these modern Cynocephali, their ferocious manners, and their blood-thirsty propensities, with all the truth and liveliness which is usual with eye-witnesses. Every fact, too, he confirmed with an oath, calling in the devil to fetch him if he spoke any thing but the truth; which, as the devil did not think proper to do, clenched the matter at once, and left him free to pursue the course of his story.

Here was a dangerous rival for master Pedro. It was true the captain did not possess the gift of narrating in so high a degree of perfection. Either from the dire effects of that unlucky slap he had received from the Patagonian's tail, which besides knocking out a whole file of his teeth, had carried

away part of his upper lip, or from the havoc which a sabre had committed on the same premises, his mouth had contracted the most awkward twist imaginable towards the left ear, so that he always seemed to speak through that side of his face as if he was hissing at you. It must be confessed also, that he was deficient in those numberless graces of style and delivery with which we have mentioned that our hero was so highly endowed; neither had he equal skill in extricating himself out of any historical dilemma into which the fire of his enthusiasm might have led him. An oath was his only resource on such occasions, which though sufficiently compendious, was not so satisfactory a method as Pedro's, who whenever he happened to be caught in a lie, quickly got himself out of it by the simple process of telling another ten times as enormous. On all these accounts, the captain, notwithstanding his noche-tristes, El Dorados, and long-tailed Patagonians, was much less successful in his speculations than his vanity promised, and his real merits as a story-teller very possibly deserved.

But he was nevertheless not to be despised. Pedro felt this; and being of a high spirit, which could brook no encroachment on what he con-

sidered as his lawful jurisdiction, he bent all the energies of his soul to maintain that authority amongst his neighbours, so long and so deservedly enjoyed by him without any interruption. The story of the clog-tailed giant had at one blow carried off three of his best listeners; men who swallowed facts like sugar-plums, without ever examining them. This was not to be borne. He determined at all hazards to clear the field of his rival, not only by means of such private arms as he had always in use, but by turning his own weapons against him. In a word, he resolved to outdo him in the grandeur, the extravagance, and the incredibility of his stories.

We can hardly blame this proceeding on the part of our hero. Ambition has ever been the virtue of great minds; nor is jealousy in every case so mean a passion as it is usually represented, which is especially manifest, if we consider that it has been always attributed by the most orthodox opinions to the very highest characters. Let us judge of its morality as we will, however, in a public respect, this resolution of Pedro's was eminently beneficial; for now, no longer confining himself to those accidents of his life, which although sufficiently marvellous, were more on a par with

the notions of his hearers as to probability, he began to expatiate far without those limits, and seeming as it were to rise above himself in each successive story, he disburthened his memory of such a cargo of adventures as quite overpowered the senses of the company by their tremendous sublimity and magnificence. Now indeed he proved himself a traveller, by the novelty of his facts and the strangeness of his relations. To this spirit of emulation, therefore, are we indebted for a quantity of knowledge, historical, geographical, philosophical, and moral, which would otherwise perhaps have remained for ever in oblivion, as it was this alone that excited our adventurer to describe a series of events and phenomena, which never did, and most probably never will, come under the observation of any other traveller.

It is indeed to be lamented, that the science of brachygraphy was not at that time in vogue amongst the inhabitants of Acapulco. The adventures of Pedro Ladron, now extant, are from this unlucky circumstance neither so many nor so authentic as we could wish them. They have been preserved among the descendants of those who heard them (for he was a bachelor himself) in the manner of traditions; and although, as to their general context, undoubtedly accurate enough, are sometimes de-

ficient in that minute exactness required by philosophers whereon to build durable systems. Hence we should scarcely think ourselves warranted in advising our readers to place that full reliance upon their details which the voyages of other travellers, such as Cook or Humboldt, might seem to arrogate from the superior degree of caution with which they have been registered, and the less problematical way by which they have passed from the authors themselves to the public.

All these adventures are in our hands, and forthcoming at the slightest hint from our readers*. One of the best preserved and most extraordinary we will proceed to give, as a specimen whereby the rest may be judged of. It is still related amongst the Acapulcans under the name of "The Shepherd of Toppledown Hill;" and every year adds a dozen pair of hands to applaud its recital by an old gray-headed signior at the very aguardienteria where Pedro Ladron first gave it publicity; so that if Acapulco increased to the size of London, the clap might be heard on a still summer-night, and echoed, perhaps, by the rocks and jackasses of the Andes. Such being its repute at the other side of the Atlantic, we have no doubt but it will obtain similar

* They had been committed to MSS. which we were fortunate enough to procure.—TRANSLATOR.

on this; for it certainly has lost nothing by the carriage. We have dressed it out in our best style for the entertainment of the reader; and if he be not amused with it, we humbly implore him to examine narrowly whether such an unlucky circumstance be owing to our dulness or his. We have known many an excellent work thrown on the shelf merely because no one could perceive its merits.

After this hint to the reader, we have only two requests to make of him: first, that he will be so amiable as to smile upon any little faults of description which may possibly obscure a narrative so worthy of his full and clear comprehension; secondly, that he will be so good as to imagine, the instant we begin, Pedro, the adventurer and narrator, sitting, or rather lolling on his couch, at Don Diego's door, in the attitude we have above described, with a crowd of petrified listeners around him, whilst he thus recounts, in measured phrase and voice sonorous, the wonderful incidents of his story.

We sailed from Panama on the 7th day of June, 1590, at one of the clock, P. M., the sky dark and cloudy, but the wind N. N. E. very favourable. Our ship, El Tronador, carrying one hundred and fifty-two great guns, six mortars, besides carronades, howitzers, swivels, more than I could reckon, ploughed up the sea like a green fallow beneath her. She had on board eighteen hundred souls, together with three negro cooks, and certain scores of pigs, calves, geese, &c. with the exact number of which I cannot charge my memory. She carried moreover some few dozen cabin-boys, powder-monkeys, and a good deal of other ballast, which we could either throw overboard or not as the vessel was found to require. Our captain, who was now somewhat in years, had served under the renowned Francis Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and was the first man who set foot in the country of the Amazons, when he sailed down the Maragnon with Orellana the intrepid, who may be said to have cut America in two by that voyage. The Amazons, you know, are a nation of female warriors and cannibals, who ride unicorns, string their bows with the hair torn from lions' manes, and wear nothing but linsey-woolsey breeches which just cover their groin. But no more

of this at present. We will speak to that point some other time.

Well, Signiors! our captain, as I told you, whose name was Don Melchior de Villa-viciosa, (allied to the noble family of that title), had been one of the early Spanish discoverers and conquerors who added another side to the earth, swimming rivers as broad as seas, climbing hills as high as the tower of Seville*, penetrating forests as black and horrible as a Moor's paradise, smiting, slaying, and subduing men and all other monsters that came in their path, till they had well nigh brought the whole new world under their yoke, converting the ignorant savages into decent Christians, to the eternal benefit of their souls, and the unspeakable glory of those who had enslaved them. Don Melchior was not only a good soldier, but an excellent seaman. He managed matters so adroitly, that whilst the wind continued soft and favourable, (which was

* Pedro, we suppose, who boasts himself a true Castilian, had been astonishing his hearers, at the same time that he gratified their vanity, with accounts of the grandeur and magnificence of their mother country. Popocatzepetl and Jorullo dwindled into stepping-stones beside his description of Monserrat, or the Sierra Morena. The tower of Seville, which is really but 350 feet high, he had probably exalted in the same manner; that is, simply by adding a few noughts to the right number expressing its sublimity.

indeed all the way down the coast of Peru and Chili), nothing could be more prosperous than our voyage; but the moment we attempted to double Cape Horn, it began to blow so freshly, that, in spite of our captain's admirable seamanship, the first shock had nearly overset the vessel; and whilst this continued we had nothing but misfortunes. First we were driven to sea, God knows how many million of leagues to the westward; neither the captain nor the mate knew where in the world we were, nor if we were in the world at all. Don Melchior had never learnt to box the compass, and Signior Lopez the mate had never seen one in his life before; so that it was hard for either to judge of our course. The rest of the crew were in a like perplexity, which was not a little increased by the ingenious attempts of each to relieve us from it,—guessing, all differently, at our true position. Some thought we were approaching the Antipodes; a conjecture marvellously strengthened by seeing the needle begin to turn, and make divers strange evolutions, as if it were bewitched, thus appearing to indicate that every thing in this part of the world was topsy-turvy. We accordingly expected every minute to find the ship by degrees elevate her bottom, and, presenting it at the heavens, float in that manner upon her decks, especially as she now

began to heel very much on one side. There was a loud cry, therefore, to close the hatches, and bore a large hole or two at each side of the keel, by which we might escape through the bottom as it rose. This, however, was impracticable, for fear of the water possibly running in through the apertures; so that we were completely between two stools, and no one knew what to do. Many of the soldiers, who were unaccustomed to the sea, feeling their stomachs a little queasy, shrewdly attributed it to the change which was about to take place in their way of standing upright; and one fellow getting into a corner between two chests, laid his head on the ground, at the same time elevating his feet into the air; in which position he declared he found himself much easier, this being now, as he calculated, the natural manner of standing at the Antipodes. A young volunteer officer who had been educated at Salamanca, and cut a great figure there, sneering with much contempt at the absurdity, as he was pleased to term it, of this conjecture, informed us that we were now, in his opinion, just about entering the jaws of that enormous serpent, called Demogorgon, which encircles the whole world with his body, and by alternately sucking in and rejecting a sea at a time, creates the phenomenon of the tides. He cited innumerable

authorities from the ancient classics in support of his opinion, which, being given in Latin or Greek, had very great weight with his auditors in general, who understood nothing of these profound languages. But the captain himself, of whose judgment and penetration we had all received incontestable proofs in this difficult voyage, told us to give ourselves no farther trouble on the subject, for he had not the smallest doubt but this was the brink of that very gulf or whirlpool, which, situate, as writers in general agree, about the south pole, bends down with a huge sweep to the centre of the earth, and there washes the gate-posts of hell. This woful intelligence drove us all crazy with horror. We had now little time to spend in this world, so began to pray and drink as fast as we possibly could. The vessel soon after appeared to go round, and none of us were able to keep our feet, but reeled and jostled one another, as if we had been intoxicated. So that the truth of our captain's theory was evident; we were now manifestly descending into the pit of eternal despair. In the night he rushed upon deck, in his shirt, his eyes almost shooting out of their sockets, swearing that he had heard the roars and howlings of the damned beneath him, whilst he lay in his hammock, as plain as if he had his ear at the key-

hole of purgatory. I kept the watch that night; and certainly, whilst I walked up and down the quarter-deck, ruminating on our doleful situation, I did hear a most abominable squeaking and yelling from below; but I thought it was only the swine, who being closely wedged in the hold, whenever the ship tacked, set up a hideous noise, being frightened, I suppose, with the motion. But I was most probably deceived; it was just as natural that I should have mistaken devils for swine, as that the captain should have mistaken swine for devils. Besides he asserted positively, that he had heard certain loud voices calling for "brimstone!" "whips!" "racks!" "pitchforks!" &c.; whilst I could not but acknowledge, that although the pigs had squeaked most unmercifully, they had not uttered a single word of the kind. This appeared to settle the question, so we all prepared to pay our respects to Satan.

Next morning a furious hurricane began. We determined, therefore, taking advantage of it, to alter the ship's course, and direct her any where soever, from her present track, so that we might escape the dreadful perdition which would inevitably have swallowed us before long, if the captain's fine sense of hearing had not given us a timely forewarning of our danger. Accordingly, we tacked

about, and ran before the hurricane, till we conjectured it had driven us far beyond the brink of the whirlpool.

The next ill luck that befel us was, that two of our masts were swept away by the board, and the only expedient we had was to set up the bowsprit in the middle of the ship, which we did with some difficulty, contriving to spread another sail upon it. We now drove before the wind in a S. E. direction, as far as we could judge by the compass, which still continued very untoward and capricious in its motions.

At length, when we had been tossed and shuffled about for upwards of a fortnight, the vessel being now but a mere hulk upon the water, the last period of our sufferings approached. On the sixteenth day there had been nothing but an incessant thunderstorm for the whole forenoon: lightning sheeted the wide heavens, meteors whirled in the air, blasts roared through the firmament; you would have thought a legion of dragons were hissing round the ship, belching out fire and smoke, and throwing the whole welkin into confusion. About noon, the sea, which had been lashed up into mountains of foam by the wind, now took an uniform sable colour; the clouds gathered thicker and thicker,—the sky grew blacker and blacker;

hell seemed to rise above heaven, till at last we could not see our hands before us, had they been as white as snow. More than twelve hundred of the crew had perished already, either by the sea washing them over, by the bounding of the ship, by fatigue, or despair. The remainder held fast together on deck, or went down to expect their death quietly under the hatches. Don Melchior blew out his brains with a pistol in a fit of madness; many flung themselves laughing into the waves; and Gaspar Soto, an old friend of mine, throwing his arms round the waist of a young boy, tore him from the binnacle to which he clung screaming for mercy, and jumped with him headlong overboard, where a flash of lightning showed us them for a moment struggling, the one to save his own life, the other to drown both himself and his companion. The ship now gave a terrible swoop down the side of a billow, and we slid in a body from one end of the deck to the other. Half of us were swung far away into the gulf over her bow, and the other only waited for the next heave to follow them. It came: the vessel rose, and our hearts rose with it! —Another moment!—Now she goes!—Now!— The deck slipt from under our feet, and down we went, every soul of us, into the ocean!

[Here the auditory, with one consent, uttered a cry of anguish; but Pedro went on notwithstanding.]

I awoke with a loud groan. A sharp, agonizing blow, as if the head of a spear had been driven into my breast, forced out my voice in a kind of yell, and made my eyelids start up like an automaton's. I perceived, with his craw hanging over me, a monstrous vulture, his neck stripped to the shoulders, his beak distilling blood, and his red eye fiercely glancing at mine. He was just poising his wings, as if in doubt whether to fly away, or repeat his blow, being, I suspect, rather astonished at finding the carcase he was about to mangle so responsive to the stroke he had given it. Had I not immediately shouted again, as loud as I could, I am sure his beak would have been through my heart in an instant. But he rose quickly at the sound, uttering a shrill cry, like the clanks of several iron chains, and the air was at the same time darkened by a multitude of wings, which kept flapping like the sails of a ship, above me, for two or three moments. I endeavoured to raise myself on one elbow, and look around: Imagine my horror, when I perceived the bodies of at least fifty of my companions strewed along the shore beside me, on which it appeared a flock of these voracious

birds had been making their repast. The whole of them were now perching on the cliffs, at a small distance from me, anxiously watching their prey. It was not so easy to banish them: first one, after a wide sweep over the arena, descended, and began to renew his bloody operations; then another, and then the entire number. I was too weak to rise; and indeed these vultures were so gigantic (larger than the condors of the Andes), that if their courage had been equal to their strength, one of them alone would have been an overmatch for a man in my weak situation. I made shift to draw my dagger, and flourish it over my head, which kept the cowardly gluttons at a distance; but I could not help being a witness of the impious havoc they made amongst the bodies of my companions, tearing the flesh off by wholesale, and uttering horrible cries of delight, springing from one corpse to another, sometimes fighting for a few moments about a choice bit, and all sedulously employed in the ravenous collation. I saw one tremendous fellow, with talons like a bull's horn, split open, with a single stroke of his beak, the skull of our mate, and appear quite disappointed when he found it was empty. Another had got the leg of a soldier half way down his throat, and was endeavouring to swallow it entire, though it made his craw look like

a pelican's dewlap. I shouted again, and flourished my dagger, but all to no purpose. They did not leave the strand till they had gorged themselves so as to be hardly able to rise on the wing. Oh, how I longed to attack them in this condition! What glorious revenge my poor companions should have had, for all the indignities they suffered at the hands of these dastardly cormorants *!

When they had at last retreated, I got upon my feet and surveyed the picture before me. Skulls and bones, as white as alabaster, peeled as bare as these hilts (said Pedro, drawing his well-burnished Toledo a few inches out of its scabbard), lay scattered over the strand. "Unhappy fellows!" said I, looking up at the cliffs where my companions were now heavily soaring, as it were, by piecemeal, in the craws of those wolfish birds—"unhappy fellows! it were better that ye had never been born than that ye should never be buried!—Give me my dear companions!" shouted I, and, pointing to the cliffs with my sword, made as I would directly assault them—"give me them, ye felons! or, by the mother that bore me, I'll——!" But they sat there quite unconcerned, and appeared not to un-

* *Sic in* MS. (*cor vejons*). Itis evident that our friend Pedro was somewhat of a wag, from this and other expressions.—TRANSLATOR.

derstand me; so thinking it vain to put myself in a passion for nothing, I sheathed at once my dagger and my anger, whilst I again cast my eyes upon the shore.

"*Gracios a Dios!* Your bones yet remain!" I ejaculated: "To these will I give the comfortable rites of interment. They are the best half of ye—indeed the only part which ye could justly call your own, —inasmuch as the flesh which was on them, was rather the flesh of oxen, sheep, fowl, fish, besides cheese and garlic, than your own!"—Consoling myself with these reflections, I began poking with my sword in the sand, but the intolerable anguish of my ribs would not suffer me to finish this pious work. I was forced to sit down, and take care of the living instead of the dead. There was a good deal of linen, which my friends the vultures did not find quite to their palate, lying about the shore; with some of this I made myself a bandage—and leaning my back against a chest, which I suppose had floated from the wreck, endeavoured to be my own surgeon. Indeed my sole motive, as will easily be imagined, for wishing to preserve life, was, that I might afford decent sepulture to the bones of my unfortunate companions: this decided me in favor of living, if I could, and heaven seconded my pious intentions. "Yet, alas!" exclaimed I, after having

tied the bandage securely about me,—"of what use is it to cover these joints in the sand, when there is none to say mass over them?" Padre Vinegas, our excellent chaplain, was one of the first of us who died. He departed this life with the most Christian fortitude: when he perceived all was over (I now remember very well), he cast himself devoutly on his knees, before a brandy-keg, and applying his mouth to the vent-hole, drank till he fairly rolled, like a butt full of sack, into the ocean! 'Twas indeed a wet passage to heaven; but he was, at all events, well liquored for the voyage. Ah! the Padre was an excellent man! (here the narrator sighed deeply)—an excellent man!—short—fat—and asthmatic!—lived mostly on dry hams and canary!

"I remember Padre Vinegas very well," said mine host of the aguardienteria: "he is standing before me now, the jolly rogue, with his round claret-coloured cheeks, his black sparkling little eyes, and his mouth as small and as plump as a cleft cherry. He was the best judge of wine, that I will say for him!—in all Panama. And such a holy man, too! None of the women would have any other confessor;—he gave them such tender and comfortable instruction, and leant so lightly upon them. By the bye, I will tell you a good story

about the Padre, and an alguazil's wife of Panama. Once upon a time——"

"There are three cavaliers just alighting from their mules," said Pedro, pointing a little way off; "you had better secure such genteel customers."

"*Santa Maria purissima!*" ejaculated the landlord, "so they are. I'll recommend them hither." And off he went to ensnare the cavaliers.

Well, Signiors! continued Pedro, who dreaded nothing so much as Don Diego's "good stories," especially when they had so ominous a beginning—as I was telling you, there I leant, with my back against the chest, as miserable a fellow as ever sat in Segovia*. Five hours at least passed unconsciously by. Evening approached; but where to lay my head I knew not, my fear was so great of being devoured alive by the birds, or the beasts, who no doubt inhabited these cliffs. I crawled, however, towards nightfall, into a cave, where there was nothing but dry sand for my pillow. A huge rock impended over the roof, and I saw that, by loosening a little the clay on which it rested, it would probably fall, so as to defend the entrance. Hazardous as this was, for it might have buried me alive, I loosened the said earth: down came the stone,

* The famous state prison in Old Spain.—Tr.

and blocked up the cavern door so completely, that a very small orifice only remained at the top. I lay down, however, very comfortably, being at least sure of a snug burial-place, and that my flesh should rot in the ordinary manner, not be unhandsomely torn and lacerated by vultures or hyænas. Having dragged after me a few of my companions' doublets and jerkins (which had been drying in the sun all day), I made myself as decent a bed as I could, and slept like a dormouse upon it till late the next morning.

It was then that I felt a vulture of another kind near the pit of my stomach; hunger was eating my liver: Thirst, too, had drained all the blood from the fountain of my heart, and left it as dry as a toast. I was in better health, however; the wound in my side pained me no longer. So I rose, and determined to make my way out through the roof of the cave, in order to look for some berries or herbs which I could eat. Out I got, with a good deal of squeezing, and after being half choked with the clay, which was continually falling from above. But where was I look for victuals?—There was not a tree, nor a shrub, and scarcely a blade of grass, to be seen on the cliffs around me. In despair I threw my eyes towards the shore. The chest against which I had leaned yesterday

met my glance. I quickly approached it, and found that, although its casing was of wood an inch thick, it had been split in several places, perhaps by those nefarious gluttons who had buried my dear companions in their maws. This was a good omen; they must have been attracted by the smell of something eatable. After a great deal of hacking and cutting with my sword, I opened the chest, which I found to contain a parcel of excellent hams, prepared and packed up by Padre Vinegas, for his own especial use. I immediately closed the repository again; for a whole army of guests had descended from the cliffs at sight of so much provender, of which they seemed determined to be partakers, though I had not sent one of them an invitation. They all surrounded me and the chest, screaming, and gazing, and beating their wings, in glorious anticipation of a scramble: indeed some of them became so inquisitive as obliged me to rebuke them sharply with the point of my sword. I cut off one gentleman's head with a back stroke, but that did not prevent the rest from following, as I dragged the chest towards my cave.

Here was a new difficulty: how was I to get it in? Necessity, love, and hunger, will break through stone walls: I first covered the orifice in

the roof, and then widening one of the chinks in the side, thrust the whole cargo of hams, one by one, into the cavern: not with perfect impunity, however; for though I kept flourishing my Toledo continually round my head, one or two of the hams were plucked out of my grasp before I could get them into the chink, by my ravenous attendants. You cannot imagine what a pest I found them. At length I accomplished this matter, and then went to look if there was any fresh water to be had in the neighbourhood, leaving the whole troop of self-invited guests standing at the mouth of the cave, with disappointment and chagrin most vividly depicted on every countenance.

I have given you no description, Signiors, of the place where I had been cast ashore thus miraculously. It was a sandy creek or bay, which ran in between two mountains to a great depth. The mountains, or rather cliffs, themselves, rose in volumes of rock as straight as the pillars of a church, and were so high that my sight in vain endeavoured to reach their top. You may talk of Popocatzeptl or Chimborazo; they are but molehills in comparison. Out of the clefts or crannies which were frequent in these rocks, perpetually sallied numbers of such gigantic beastly birds as I

have described. When flying together, they resembled a huge black cloud, that oftentimes wholly eclipsed the sun, and covered the entire bay with darkness. As they were the only things, besides rocks, sea, and shore, to be found in this place, I christened it Vulture Bay,—a name which I think it may very properly retain, whenever the island in which it is situated shall come to be noticed by geographers. Island I have said, though indeed I know not whether it be an island or a second New World. This is a matter left for the investigation of future navigators and discoverers.

I was now almost fainting with thirst; and although I had travelled a great way over the sands, towards the inner part of the bay, I found nothing like water, save and except one little stream of gravel, which trickled down at intervals between the stones near the upper end of the valley. At length, sitting down on the ground, I determined to weary myself no longer, but to cast myself at once on my sword and die, as the shortest method of quenching my thirst. The thoughts, however, of these abominable felons, the vultures, kept me from my purpose, and I contented myself for the present with bemoaning my wretched fate, in such moving terms, as brought the tears even into my

own eyes. Dying was a recipe for misfortune which could be taken at any time; but as it went rather against my stomach, I determined to postpone it till absolutely necessary. I did indeed, in the height of my despair, give myself a huge gash in the fleshy part of the arm with my dagger point, but it was not mortal. So great was my thirst, that, on seeing the liquid flow, I clapt my mouth to the wound, and took in several draughts of my own blood, till this fountain also failed me.

[Pedro here looked round, and beheld the entire crowd of listeners shuddering with horror at the thoughts of so unnatural a beverage.]

I might as well have swallowed so much burning salt; instead of allaying, it increased my drought to so great a degree, that the skin peeled off my lips as fast as you 'd pluck feathers off a flamingo. You must think, Signiors, I was in no enviable situation. Food enough, and water more than enough, if it happened to be of the right kind. But not a drop which I could drink, except the waters that flowed from mine own eyes, and even these were brackish. What was to be done? Where was I to go? Who would take pity on miserable Pedro?

As I cast my eyes up to heaven, with a design to implore its mercy, they by chance rested on a par-

ticular cliff before me. Wonderful! what do I behold?—a huge stair-way of flat blocks, which run up the hills on the opposite side of the creek, and seem to be hewn out of the cliffs for the ascent and descent of angels! So high does it reach, I cannot guess its altitude. But no matter: were it to the moon herself, I exclaimed, up will Pedro climb! —so I crossed over the sands. When I came to these stairs, however, I found each step more than thrice my own height. By the help of the little crags and prominences at their side, I might indeed have ascended them; but it would have been a work of infinite labour, and one which, from weakness, hunger, and thirst, as well as the wound in my side, I was quite unfit to undertake. Nothing remained now but to bend back my steps to the cave where I had left my provisions. I reached it with much difficulty; but guess my delight and astonishment, when, just as I approached the entrance, a cask very like one of the Padre's canary kegs fell with a heavy dump at my feet. It seemed to come from heaven! Could it be, that the Padre himself, looking down with mercy on my wretched condition, had let fall a keg of that nectar with which he now regales his wearied spirit in paradise?—No matter! I struck my dagger into the head-stave, and covering the orifice with that between my nose

and chin, extracted such a quantity of precious fluid, that it shortly began to flow down my tucker, and moisten the very waist-band of my breeches. May thy soul, O Padre! (said I, clapping my finger on the vent-hole, and looking up devoutly to where I supposed he might probably be seated)—May thy soul, O Padre, never want a cup full of nectar for this! If ever it should be my lot to reach Panama again, and that thy exemplary life should also obtain thee canonization, I vow to thee a wax candle as long as my Toledo!—It was a blessing you did not break my head, though! Pray, if you should ever think of repeating the compliment, let not the keg drop quite so near my pericranium!—For the truth was, it had come with such a terrible douse on the sand, within a few inches of my toes, that had I been a single step in advance, it must have sent me to heaven in a hurry. So saying, I made shift to stop the vent with a little spigot of linen (first having satisfied myself, by another draught, that this cloud-born liquor was not supposititious), and then, with a merry heart, rolled "Padre Vinegas," as I called my little puncheon, to the cavern door. It now cost me an hour or so to burrow a small hole, through which I could squeeze my new-found treasure, and myself, into the safehold. I accomplished my purpose, however, with the more

spirit, after my late refreshment; and, besides, procured a good sized stone, which I thrust in too, following it myself, and then putting it into the hole, so as to keep out the vultures.

Sitting down in one corner of this dark vault, I made a hearty meal off one of the hams, carving it with my dagger, every whit as nicely as if I were carbonadoing the same limb of an enemy in regular battle, when my weapon might be said to perform its natural office. Another strong pull at the keg finished my repast. I then lay down, and enjoyed a very comfortable siesta, after the fatigues of the morning. In this manner I lived for nearly a fortnight, rambling every day to the upper part of the creek, or walking on the shore, to discover, if I could, either a sail, another cask of hams, or another heaven-descended keg of canary; and returning to my cave in the evening. I was unsuccessful in every one of these particulars, but I at length found out to whom I was really obliged for the last windfall. Not to Padre Vinegas, as I had piously supposed, but to the vultures, whom I never suspected of this charitable disposition. I frequently saw these gentry flying to their nests in the cliffs with articles of all kinds, which they had been able to ravish from the ship; and as they held these but awkwardly in their talons, many of them

fell upon the strand. This explained the miracle. Their benevolence, however (or carelessness), was of short duration: many a cask and keg I afterwards beheld safely carried into their premises, with which I have no doubt they made themselves merry. Not one ever came to my share from that time until they ceased from the operation altogether; —nor then either.

It was only now that I thought of attempting to climb the "Giant's Staircase" (as it may be called), which I had discovered on my first day's excursion. But the wound in my breast being almost completely healed, and my provisions, dry as well as liquid, nearly out, with no hope of relief from sea, I determined at once to gratify my curiosity, and seek a more hospitable region. Besides, the wreck had floated round that promontory on whose side the staircase was cut, and I did not choose to give up its society: whilst I could behold it, one acquaintance still remained, of all those with whom I had quitted Panama. Upon it, too, depended my sole hope of ever being able to revisit my country.

Accordingly I set out at an early hour, after a plentiful breakfast, carrying with me a good slice of ham (the last of the larder), wrapped up in the sleeve of a jacket, and also my large snuff-box

(which I had constantly about me), full of canary, all that now remained of the Padre's soul-cherishing cordial. I soon reached the place of ascent, and with a good deal of scrambling, mounted the first step, which was twenty feet high. Resting here for a moment, I then scaled the second; and so on, till I found myself at the base of the twentieth. It was very fatiguing work, being also not a little dangerous. I received a great many falls, and several bruises. However, I had nothing for it but to go on; so I e'en cheered myself with a pinch of canary, and proceeded to climb the twentieth block. In this manner I continued for the best part of the day, without even looking behind me, till I think above seventy steps had been surmounted. It was now time to think of refreshment, and a siesta. The top of each block was about thirty feet long, and half that width, which afforded me a dining-table sufficiently spacious. Here I seated myself after the manner of a Turk or a tailor (that is to say, with my legs crossed under me), pulled out my wallet and snuff-box, and in an incalculably brief space of time emptied them both of their contents. Indeed, I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I had eaten and drunk *all*, they had slipt down my throat so imperceptibly. I then crept

into a small hollow at the side of the stair-way, and fell fast asleep. Many strange dreams had I in my rocky dormitory; one of which was, that I shook hands with the man in the moon. The heartiness of the squeeze with which he welcomed me into his shining dominions, awoke me to a renewal of my arduous journey.

The sun was now descending, and I still saw ten times as many steps above me as below. Bestir thyself, friend Pedro! said I. It was not by dozing away his time that the magnanimous Gonzalo Pizarro scaled the Cordilleras, or the still greater Marquess overcame so many dangers and difficulties, which no one but a Spaniard, as thou art, could look in the face. Thus chafing my pride a little, I began my afternoon's labour. By the time the sun had set, I was at the hundred-and-thirty-second step, as I counted by the notches I made on my scabbard. Still I determined to persevere. The moon rising full and bright, I continued my ascent; nor did I stop till I had reached number two hundred.

Here I resolved to rest for the night: But imagine my situation! Alone, on the side of a rocky mountain, to whose top I was afraid to look, it appeared so immeasurably high; and more than

a thousand feet above the plain of sand which I had trod in the morning. I turned my face towards the valley, and could not help shuddering at the awfulness of the sight. The moon was shining lone and cold, on the gray rocks all around, and I was covered with a silver suit of mail which I could have well exchanged for a warm cloak of homely broad cloth. Innumerable stars beamed silently upon me, and their little eyes appeared to glisten with tears, as they beheld my hapless condition. It was ten thousand chances if ever I should get to the top, and just as many that I should be precipitated below, if I attempted to quit my present position. The opposite hills were just as lofty as those on whose side I was perched;—and in good truth, Signiors, I never beheld a sight half so magnificent, nor half so appalling, as that which now lay before me. I seemed absolutely to melt into my boots, from the mere sense of my own insignificance. Crag piled on crag, cliff on cliff, till they reached the sky, rose on all sides of me; and the bright round lamp in the midst gave the whole scene the appearance of an immense vault, the pillars of which glistened smoothly in the beams, or cast a deep shade athwart the recesses behind them. Huge caves, as dark as the paths

to hell, interrupted the rocky surface here and there, out of which at times issued a black cloudy demon, whom I easily recognised, by the heavy clanging of his pinions as he moved slowly beneath me, for one of those who had haunted the shore. Far, far below, and contracted into a narrow stripe of a drab colour, lay the sands of the creek, with the blue ocean alternately eating up and regorging its farther edge. Although the waves were flowing high, they appeared to fall without noise; and, if I may so express myself, I could only *see* them roar. It was a grand scene, indeed; but I honestly confess, whilst I looked at it, I thought of mine host's snug cage at Panama, and felt as if I had much sooner be roosting there than in my present eyry, however sublime. But cavaliers must not despond. It was bitter cold; the wind made me sleepy: so I crept, as before, into a cranny of the rock, and rolling myself up like a hedgehog, endeavoured to obtain some repose.

Early in the morning, I was again at work; and though I had nothing to stay my stomach this whole interval, the moon found me, at her next rising, twice as exalted as before. So I went on for seven entire days and nights, making my way up the steps of this Jacob's ladder, whose top

seemed, indeed, to be lost in the heavens; for, as to descending again, that was, besides its uselessness, a hundred times more dangerous, the stairs being so very perpendicular. Accustomed as I was to scaling mountains, I could not, upon the eighth morning, attempt to raise my eyes from the platform of the rock where I stood; the sight left them whenever I tried to do so. This will not appear surprising, when we consider that I was now more than thirty thousand feet above the level of the sea, higher than the very peak of Chimborazo!

"But how did you manage to live all this time," said one of the crowd, "if you had nothing to eat since the first day?"

Why, truly, answered our hero (who was never at a loss, such was the fertility of his resources)—I was sadly put to it, that I must tell ye. But having a pair of excellent new jack boots, made of undressed neat's leather, I treated myself to a small scrap off one of these each day, and thus contrived to support nature.

"Ay, ay," murmured the whole assembly,—"we knew it! we knew it!" [That is, we conjecture,—they knew he could get himself out of the difficulty].

Pedro stroked his chin, smacked his lips with the

air of an infallible who has just put down a heretic by quoting some miracle,—and went on with his story.

When I had arrived at this point, my heart began to sink. What would become of me? Escape was impossible, either one way or the other. Stupendous heights above me, tremendous depths below me,—whichever way I proceeded was equally hazardous and equally hopeless. Though very weak from exertion and hunger (my boots being now consumed—tops, calves, underleathers, and all), I still continued, chiefly from habit, and not knowing what else to do, to mount step after step, till, on the tenth morning, being quite exhausted, dispirited, and worn out, I lay down on the eighteen-hundredth ledge, determined to go no higher. There I lay, in a kind of trance, until noon, when the heat of the sun a little revived me. However, I sat in a kind of stupor, not certain exactly where I was, or who I was. Sometimes I thought it was all a dream, and that I was really dozing upon the stone bench outside mine host's aguardienteria at Panama. But when I attempted to open my glazed and heavy eyes, the terrible prospect before me shut down their lids faster than ever, at the same time convincing me that my dream was itself

a dream. Many a time I wished for death, and had I been able to draw my dagger, the next moon would not have looked more coldly on Pedro than he upon it. But the Virgin (continued he, crossing himself devoutly) always loved the brave and heroic. She preserved me for other exploits.

Whilst I sat thus, as I told you, not quite sure whether I was dead or alive, methought I heard a pretty loud noise, like, as it might be, the braying of a herd of asses, mingled with the tumbling of rocks. Raising my weighty eyelids at the sound, I looked dimly behind, from whence the noise appeared to come. The first thing which caught my notice was a patch of grass just beside me. I had not seen any since I left Panama. The sight itself was refreshing; besides which, it indicated some change; and in such a deplorable state was I, that any change must be for the better. So my spirits rose. I crept over to see if there was any herb which I could eat, and by great good luck, it proved to be a rich bed of sorrel. O what a luxury! Both meat and drink! The Virgin, it is plain, has not forgotten me: 'tis she who has made it sprout on this barren rock, for my especial accommodation! These and such exclamations I continued to mumble out, whilst I fed like a starved

rabbit, upon this sour vegetable, devouring such a quantity of it, that the water ran out both at my mouth and eyes. All this time, the braying continued, and the rattling at intervals. Courage! exclaimed I, where asses are to be found, men, I am sure, cannot be far distant. Let me endeavour to ascend a few steps higher. I did so, and was glad to perceive the verdure increase every moment. The height of the blocks also gradually diminished, and the cliffs sloped more backwards from the valley. I ventured to look up: *Gracias a dios,* I am at the top at last!

[The multitude, who had exhibited great interest in our hero's perilous situation on "The Giant's Staircase," now shouted, *Bravo! Bravo!* when they had him safely arrived at the top.]

At the top, did I say?—I was indeed at the top of this gigantic stairway; but it was only to find myself at the bottom of other mountains, that rose with a slight declination into the skies. The place which I now gained was in fact a sort of land above land; just as if, on climbing half way up Cotopaxi (only that this was much higher), you should come to a new world upon that level. I found this lofty country to all appearance very rich and fertile. The hills, although rocky, were verdant in many

places, and also clothed with a good deal of forestry. The valleys running between them, as also the plains which I first reached, were covered with a lush soft grass, and interspersed with divers trees, from which hung many a golden cluster of very tempting fruit. I plucked several kinds of these, and found them all delicious; something between the flavour of a nectarine and a pine-apple, but vastly superior in every respect to both. You may guess that I did not quit this hospitable place in a hurry. There was nothing here to annoy me, neither wild beast nor vultures; as for the asses, I had always a brotherly affection towards the race; and so long as there was fruit to be had, I could never want meat and drink; while the grass and leaves supplied me with bedding as well as blankets. My sleep was only now and then a little disturbed by the strange noise which I spoke of before; but as it seemed to come from the other side of the mountains, and as every thing about me continued perfectly tranquil, I would not allow myself to be put out of humour by any herd of wild asses (for such I conjectured them) that ever walked upon four legs, or trotted on two. Nevertheless I was very anxious to make my way round that promontory of the lowland to where the Thunderer had drifted. The love of ad-

venture, too, that which inspired the great Fernando Cortez, and the valorous Francisco Pizarro, —which indeed animates the soul of every noble Castilian, as I am,—spurred me on to make new discoveries. I accordingly entered one of the great valleys which lay on my right, and which I thought would lead me towards the ocean, on the far side of this promontory. It was no slight inducement to continue my journey, that I found plenty of the same delicious fruit-trees skirting the vale I had chosen, which supplied me with food, drink, and shelter the whole day. As I went on, however, the braying seemed to become much more distinct and sonorous. It generally began early in the morning, and continued at pretty long intervals, until near sunset. After having travelled for the whole of this day, and several hours of the night—the valley, as I thought, not going straight forward, but leading me more into the heart of the country—I lay down at night in a rocky nook at the foot of the hill, where I slept on a bed of heath, which I cut down with my sword for that purpose.

Early in the morning, I was aroused by feeling the ground, as I imagined, shake beneath me; and the noise which I complained of much increased. Sometimes the braying would alone be audible, and

then becoming still louder, a tremendous rattling would accompany it, till the very rocks about me trembled, and echoed to the sound. What the occasion of this could be, I was unable to divine. It was too regular and too loud for a concert of asses, unless they were of a very different race from those with whom I had been familiar amongst mankind; so that I was at my wit's end to imagine what else it could be. The noise, whatever, or whosesoever it was, manifestly came from the other side of the hill at whose roots I lay. Determining, therefore, to get round and have a peep, up I rose, and proceeded onwards with great caution. I had not gone far when the valley opened considerably, spreading far and wide into a hollow plain, like an immense pasture-field. On the left hand side however, that is, on the side farthest from the sea, another valley of some width divided the hill, round the foot of which I came, from another hill; this, also, lost its head, not in the clouds, for there were none, but in the very blue of heaven itself. There was something remarkable in the latter hill; it was a perfect cone, built up of smallish gray rocks, with a good sprinkling of the same materials in the valley at its base. I stole behind a large block of mountain-granite near me, treading very gingerly as

I went, from whence, without being, as I thought, observed, I could see the whole pasture-field, the cone of rocks, and its valley, shining bright in the morning sun. My intention was, after having slyly criticised the performance, to return the way I came, on the slightest appearance of danger.

Snug and close, like a hare on his form, I couched under the rock, peeping at times over its shoulder, to survey the plains and prospect beyond it; but nothing appeared. Ha! there was a bray! Now I shall catch them!—Looking up the cliffs which hung over the spot where I lurked, methought I saw a pair of eyes bigger than saucers gazing steadily at me. They belonged to a huge animal, exactly like a sheep, only that it was about the size of an elephant. Santa Maria, what a monster! —it had more wool on its back than a whole flock of the best Andalusians; one of its trotters would have made feet for an entire pen. It began to *ba-a*: By the bones of the Marquess! I thought its mouth was a mortar. After having thus greeted me, it went its way; but, upon looking down at the plain again, I found it covered with animals of the same size and appearance. They were busily grazing, and were accompanied by a vast number of *lambs* (as I guessed by their weakliness), each

about the size of a full-grown buffalo. Then there commenced such a ma-a-ing and a ba-a-ing of old and young ones, as perfectly stunned me; and there was also such a frisking and a skipping among these pretty lambkins, that I could not for the soul of me help laughing outright; but the sound I made was like the buzz of a humming-bird amidst such an overpowering noise.

My ears were then saluted with the notes of some wind-instrument (as I thought) the most extraordinary that I had ever heard: they seemed to come from the end of the side-valley, and to approach gradually towards me. At such a distance they were ten times louder than San Pablo's organ, but of a more reedy tone. They came nearer and nearer, growing louder and louder, till I thought Boreas himself had turned piper. At length, as I watched with much solicitude for the forth-coming of this vigorous minstrel, something like a human head swelled out to an enormous size, appeared slowly moving up the centre of this valley; the shoulders, as broad as a man-of-war's stern, next hove in sight; and by degrees the entire body. This portentous figure made me feel like a mouse; I crept closer under the rock, but still observed his proceedings and deportment. He was about the

height of a full-grown aloe tree, and of dimensions proportionable. His eyes shone like two full moons, and the noblest cavalier in Spain might have saddled his nose and bestrid it like a war-horse. A profusion of lank brown hair, divided at the foretop with some appearance of nicety, fell a-down his shoulders like a bull's hide cut into thongs. His apparel consisted merely of a huge wolf's-skin about his middle, the head and ears being brought round so as to grin over his right shoulder. A crook was slung at his back, made out of a whole tree, much larger and longer than any I ever saw growing either in the Old or New World. He had also a wallet at his side, into which he could have stuffed one of our oxen without much difficulty.

But the sound of his pipe was what chiefly astonished me. This instrument, which was composed of seven hollow trunks of elder, lengthening gradually like a pandean, he held to his mouth, and distending each cheek to the size of a winebag, he blew such a levet as made the rocks sing again. It was like a hurricane whistling through a stack of chimneys. Yet the performer seemed, if I might judge from his sauntering gait and complacent air, to be executing some very melodious pastoral tune, in order to soothe his flock whilst they were grazing.

A gigantic bell-wether, with an instrument like that which hangs in San Pablo's tower dangling over its head, kept ringing and dinning about the field till I thought the mere sound had beaten my head into a mummy. I stuffed my ears with moss, but even then it was almost insufferable.

The giant shepherd now took the pipe from his mouth, and seating himself upon a rock not more than a hundred yards distant, gave me full opportunity to criticise his person. His skin was neither white, nor black, nor copper-coloured, nor tawny, but of a muddy gray. For their size, his limbs were very shapely, and his countenance was not at all ferocious, but extremely good-humoured. Taking him altogether, he was in fact rather a comely fellow,—a truth of which, indeed, he himself seemed to be perfectly aware; for he often surveyed his figure with a smile, turning in and out his ancles to admire their roundness, and moreover had quite the easy, placid, simpering look of a man who was fully satisfied with the share of personal attractions which Nature had bestowed upon him. Methought, too, he had a very amiable way of hanging the head upon one shoulder, like an inamorato. I should not forget that the nail on his little toe was like the hoof of a horse, and that his fingers were tipped

with flattish plates of a shining horny substance, as large as a soldier's back-plate, or a moderate dripping-pan.

He now opened his wallet, and took out a cold bone, of what, from its shape, I judged to be mutton (though it was as large as a saddle-cloth), together with several pellets, about the size of bomb-shells, made of some soft material, but what I could not discover. From the same repository he also produced a wooden jar, stopped with a huge plug; which reminded me very much, both as to magnitude and shape, of a churn. Your teeth would have watered, Signiors, to behold with what extreme goût this cheerful swain disposed of his provision. First, taking the bone in his two hands, he tore off a huge cantle of flesh, then tossed a bomb-shell into his mouth, washing both down with a draught from the jar. This agreeable dose he repeated several times, and in a very moderate space of duration had stripped the bone *to* the bone, swallowed every one of the bomb-shells, and emptied his wooden bottle. Having breakfasted heartily, he seemed disposed to be merry; began to hum a song, and beat time with his foot on the sod. When I thought he was about to commence his madrigal, he got up, and I saw him drive a few stragglers of the flock from the

side-valley into the large plain. He then returned to his seat, giving a lazy ewe, who was still lingering behind, such a bang with his sheep-hook, as would have broken the back of a colt, though she only trotted off, and began to nibble as if nothing had happened.

Our shepherd now seated himself again on the same stone, his arms crossed, and looking up to the skies as if to draw inspiration from them. He cleared his throat two or three times; it put me in mind of the noise an elephant makes in his trunk, only that it was far louder. Then pitching his voice to the right key, he ran such a division of *O*'s by way of prelude, and gave it out with such unction, as made every peak and pinnacle within sight begin to totter. Thus was the phenomenon explained; the moment he commenced, I recollected the concert of asses. The sound he produced was exactly like that of an innumerable herd of these animals all braying the same note at the same time. You cannot imagine any thing so inexpressibly strange, ludicrous, and yet terrible. No; though you all brayed your very best (and some of you, I know, have a wonderful knack in that way), you could not equal the softest note of his wind-pipe!

Yet there was certainly something like melody in it, only that my ears had never been accustomed to any of that deafening kind. I clapt my hands to the sides of my head, and pressed very hard, but all would not do; I felt the sound running along every fibre of my body, which shook like a bass viol in an orchestra. Then began the song itself. It was of the *amoroso pastorale* kind, with a few slight touches of the pathetic; each stanza, however, ending with a jovial burthen, which I was enabled to detect by its constant recurrence at certain intervals. Upon these occasions he always strengthened his voice, giving the burthen full effect every time, and pouring such a volume of thunder from his chest as shook every rock in the place. Ten thousand echoes replied from the neighbouring hills, the hollow caverns groaned in concert, and I could hardly keep my feet from the motion of the ground. But its most extraordinary result was to be seen in the stony mountain which I spoke of before; this, when the burthen began, after a few inward heaves, tumbled down its loosened rocks and fragments in myriads from the top to the bottom. It was the most astonishing sight I had ever dreamt of. As sure as ever the burthen rung out, down came rocks,

crags, stones, pebbles, and gravel, rolling, rattling, bouncing, clashing, splitting, and trundling one over the other in heaps from the pinnacle! Lord have mercy upon us! what a stumbling, and jumbling, and rumbling, and grumbling! Only for the slanting direction in which they fell, I should have thought that the sky rained rocks in this wonderful region.—'Twas from the above circumstance that I thought proper to call the mountain I speak of—"Toppledown Hill."

You must think that this song of the giant-shepherd, with its chorus of falling rocks, was of a very singular kind; nevertheless, I assure you, it had something in it amazingly sublime. As I said before, there was undoubtedly a rude species of melody in the air; but the chief beauty lay in the rolling accompaniment, however obstreperous: it was perfectly in unison with the minstrel's voice, and came in so aptly, yet withal so loudly, that my hair stood on end, and my blood ran back, my heart swelled to the size of a pumpkin, and the roof of my skull seemed to crack in a thousand pieces, as I listened, quaking with terrible delight, to the harmonious uproar! I never heard any thing equal to it; nor can I give you more than a faint notion of

what it resembled. It was not like the roar of a torrent, it was not like the noise of artillery, it was not like the sound of thunder; but it was like the tumbling, bellowing, pealing hurly of torrent, artillery, and thunder, all mingled together!—Besides, to view the sheet of moveable blocks, stones, and fragments, sliding from the sky to the ground, with one accord, and with such an astounding report,—it made my eyeballs leap almost out of their sockets! However, all this hubbub and confusion appeared to gratify our shepherd very much; he always exerted his lungs most strenuously at these stated times, and seemed to bray with increased glee whenever he saw the rocks tumbling and crashing and clattering down the side of the hill. Many of them went bounding, bounding, over the green sod of the valley, which always made him laugh as he sang, till the whole country, far and near, re-echoed with his joy. Of course I am unable to give you the words, or even the sense, of what he sang, but the tune I can never forget; it sounded in mine ears for a whole twelvemonth after. If you are contented to hear some verses of my own composing, Signiors, you shall have them; they are such as (with all humility I say it) might

do no discredit to the Shepherd of Toppledown Hill.

Here there was of course a murmur of approbation, and Pedro immediately gave vent to the following stanzas, which he asserted were the fruits of his own genius, but which were found after his death in the handwriting of a young canon belonging to the church of San Pablo, a great friend of his and the Muses.

Browse on, my gentle flock! the while
A roundelay I sing:
And quake, ye meads, for many a mile,
Ye solid mountains ring!
Green-bearded valleys, club your echoes all!
Groan, ye loud hollows! Every deep cave whine!
Topple down, rocks, and thundering as ye fall,
Bear hearty chorus to this chant of mine!

(Chorus of falling rocks.)

Hurrurah!——
Crumble down!—hurrurah!
Tumble down!—hurrurah!
Rattle down! brattle down, still!
Crag, flag,—hurrurah!
Block, stock,—hurrurah!
Roll! bowl! clatter! batter!
Hurrurah! hurrurah!—
Topple down, rocks, from the hill!

Though I am sore opprest, opprest,
With love's almighty pain,
And in this (ah! too faithful) breast
Soft pensiveness doth reign;
Yet while there's hope, there's life (they say) in love,
And therefore, since I've nothing else to do,
I'll sing my passion wheresoe'er I rove,
And make the rocks roll me a burthen too!
Hurrurah!—&c.

When Delia on the plain appears,
The streams forget to flow,
The groves are dumb, each flower rears
Its head to kiss her toe.
The pretty lambkins round her frisking skip,
And amorous breezes wanton in her hair,
For a red rose the bees mistake her lip,
And come in crowds to gulp the honey there!
Hurrurah!—&c.

Ye purling rills repeat my grief!
Ye Zephyrs breathe my sighs!
Tell her to yield me quick relief,—
Or else poor Damon dies!
Then if the cruel fair one shall relent,
And with one smile bless her dear shepherd boy,
I'll sing her praise till all my breath be spent,
Whilst hill and dale shall echo to my joy!
Hurrurah!—&c.

After having sung this song (continued Pedro), which indeed he appeared chiefly to like for its chorus, he laughed heartily, and, to swell the ap-

plause, struck his huge palms together so as to produce a sort of thunderclap each time. He then reared himself on his legs, and, whistling a hurricane, drove his flock of elephants to another pasture. I saw him no more.

That night I slept under the rock where I had concealed myself during this memorable affair. The next morning I pursued my way towards the right, and after a few days' wandering, found myself in a deep gorge, or ravine, which led me gently down to the shore. How my heart bounded when I saw the ocean, and the wreck of the Thunderer still tossing about on its waves!—It was true, nothing could be more delightful than my residence in this country, free from the cares and vexations of life, with plenty to eat and drink, passing the time in idleness and serenity. But still, I know not how it was—I never was born for a philosopher or a hermit. I longed for the bustle and perplexity of the world,—and, to own a truth, I wished for society a little more congenial to my former habits than giants and their flocks. Not but that I profoundly admired the easy pastoral life of our shepherd, and had been also intensely gratified with his musical strains. I was apprehensive, however, lest much of the beauty and pleasure of these things

might wear off with their novelty; and that perhaps all his countrymen might not be of so harmless and lackadaisical a temperament as "Damon." Besides, I was extremely desirous not to lose the opportunity of describing my adventures in this unknown region of the globe, the wonderful creatures I had seen, and the unparalleled accidents I had met with. So I determined to fit out a raft of such planks as had floated ashore, and convey myself as speedily as possible to the vessel, in hopes of finding one of her boats still alive. I accordingly did so, gained the ship, and found, to my very great joy, her gig riding smoothly under her bow. This I unloosed, stored it with provisions from the hold, and setting up a blanket-sail, committed myself to Providence and the ocean.

Fortune and the weather smiled. The wind was as soft as a lady's breath, the waves as smooth as her bosom; so my little vessel glided over the ocean with the utmost tranquillity, till I lost sight of land. Still I drove on without slackening an inch of sail for the whole of that night and the following day,—hoping to get into the courses of vessels which pass from one quarter of the world to another. The Holy Virgin (whom I so often invoked) listened to my prayers; she kept the winds and waters still,

yet permitted such a soft sweet gale to blow, as carried me safely and swiftly on, for a week together. At the end of this time, and just as my provisions began to fail, a Spanish vessel hove in sight. Ever ready to succour the distressed, my noble countrymen sent out their jolly-boat as soon as my gig was descried making towards them; and in this manner was I preserved to relate to your worships this evening the story of the Shepherd of Toppledown Hill.

AILEEN ASTORE;

OR,

THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE.

Lay me down, lay me down by the stream,
  Where the willow droops over the wave,
And the heavy-headed daffodils dream,—
  There I'll make my last couch in the grave.

And the winds a soft chorus shall keep
  With the robin that sings me my dirge,
While the streamlet shall lull me to sleep
  With the noise of its own little surge.

Pretty flowrets above me shall grow,
  Breathing softly, to break not my rest;
And each dewy morn, as they blow,
  Drop a tear, bright and pure, on my breast!

ANON.

AILEEN ASTORE;

OR,

THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE.

In one of the most wild and westerly counties of Ireland, a cluster of low mud cabins, huddled together like swine in a storm, appears to grow out of the bog on which it is situated. This little wen is designated by the inhabitants a town; an English traveller would think himself very good-natured if he consented to allow it the name of a hamlet. Its thatched roofs are scarcely distinguishable, either in point of elevation or colour, from the surrounding quagmire; and having no chimneys, a stranger might think the peat was on fire, whilst in fact it is only the potato-pot underneath, which is curling out its smoke through a hole between the rafters. Here also, to a novice in Irish architecture, a per-

petual miracle, somewhat like that of the dragon's teeth, seems to be enacting; men, women, and children, pigs, poultry, and turf-horses, Kerry cows, tabby cats, black goats, and cabin-curs, appear to rise out of the ground in endless profusion. He would be a potent magician who could charm up as many goblins to do him reverence, as a traveller (who perhaps has nothing charming about him) may, by simply showing himself on the border of the swamp. In a moment the whole Troglodyte village is emptied at his feet, and what between the shouting, squalling, grunting, gabbling, whinnying, boo-ing, mewing, maa-ing, and barking, of the several apparitions, a very good idea may be caught of Owen Glendower, or the Witch of Endor (according as the traveller is gentleman or lady) standing in the midst of a circle of beings just summoned up from their murky habitations at the centre.

United with the moist and inky nature of the soil, that contempt for the household virtue of cleanliness, which has descended to the natives along with their lank hair, olive complexions, and aquiline features, from their Milesian ancestors, has certainly rendered this assemblage of huts much more like a bog above ground than a col-

lection of human dwellings. Yet it stands, or, rather is buried, on the top of a lofty hill, amid others of the same height; and some ruins visible from it, at about a mile distance, show it to have been once a place of some consideration. The site of these is equally desolate, though much more romantic. Rocks and bushes, with some few thinly scattered trees marking out a lawn and avenue, give it a more forsaken yet picturesque character. Here are the fragments of an old castle standing lone and gray upon the green pasture, which might once have been a meadow, but is now overgrown with thistle and fern. In remote times, perhaps this was the seat of some powerful chieftain or prince, to whom the surrounding country paid tribute and homage for the very ambiguous favour of his protection.

One solitary tower remains in some sort of preservation. That is, standing on one side of it you might mistake it for an entire square, if a large orifice did not show you the sky beyond, instead of the opposite wall which should complete the edifice. The cement, as perhaps more palatable, has been eaten away by Time, leaving the stones dry and separate: a strong wicker-work of ivy binds them together; and one lateral wall, the

lower part of which has fallen in, is kept hanging in the air wholly by this means. Several eyelet windows, from which straws and feathers were dangling, explained the modern name of this structure,—the Crow's Castle; so called from its present proprietors, who, to do them justice, fully preserve the national character for hospitality, inasmuch as they immediately depart on the sight of a visitor, and give up the premises entirely to his uses.

On approaching the ruin, you perceive that it has been more recently tenanted by human beings than its dilapidated appearance would have led you to expect; probably, however, not within half a century. One part of it, which resisted the efforts of time and the elements longer than the other, has evidently been modernized, and in that state afforded perhaps a more comfortable residence than the castle itself could ever have been when its coigns were yet bright from the quarry. The mixture of these different orders (if we may call them so) gives the building an air of desertedness still more impressive. A white-washed wall standing in the midst of a huge pile of mountain granite, rough as it was hewn; a chimney peeping over a fallen buttress; and a piece of thatch, green with age and

moisture, contrasted by the dark cowl of ivy which envelopes the head of the tower; these, with the sight of a niche in one of the older walls over against a blackened fire-place in one of the newer, and the mingled rubbish of both buildings, indicate a succession of decay well adapted to sober the thoughts, if they were inclined to run riot in this solitary place. To think that this vaulted roof, now dropping its tracery piecemeal on the earth, once shook in safety with the laughter and revelry beneath it, as the wassail-bowl went round, and each hardy galloglass returned the loud joke of his companion! To reflect, that through yon sashless window the delicate arm of beauty was perhaps once stretched out to bless the lips of a lover, and put the moonlight to shame with the splendour of its whiteness!—beauty, alas! cold long since as that moonlight, in the frost of death, and no fairer now than the clay into which it has mouldered! Ah! these are the thoughts which make the stiff neck stoop, slacken the proud arch of the brow, and remind oblivious mortality how frail is its hold on existence.

After having stumbled over the fragments, both ancient and modern, which rise in several mounds within the walls, and almost equal them in height,

if you stand upon one of the battlements at
furthest end, you catch a glimpse of a small gle
dingle, which lies, not at the foot of the ca
hill, but behind another hill joining it.
garden which belonged to the last inhabitant
these ruins, and is now overgrown with weeds
wild flowers, leads down the slope from the ca
gate to the entrance of the glen.

The inhabitants of the village point out to
stranger where a church or chapel once stood
this glen; but there are no vestiges now of s
a building. There is indeed one, and but
mound of earth that bears some resemblance t
grave, the description of which, together with so
interesting circumstances connected with the per
who is said to have been deposited there, are p
haps worth recording.

When you enter the little glen, which is qu
verdant though without wood, about the mid
of it, on the left, there is a rock jutting out fr
the foot of the hill. This rock makes, as you p
it, a recess, which deepens into the hill-si
forming a grotto of small dimensions. The ceili
of the grotto is also rocky, and the moisture whi
descends from above, filtering through the ro
drops perpetually on its floor. This is collect

in a little dark well at the innermost part of the cave, whence it issues in a small stream, so perfectly clear, that but for its motion you would think the channel was only a streak of dry sand and pebbles. It runs down close by the side of the rock, and after gaining its level in the bottom of the valley, oozes away through the sward, imparting to the rich verdure an exceeding brightness. The floor of the little cave is likewise grassy, and fresh, and green, for a good way in. Near, and across the entrance, it rises into a mound of turf, at one end of which is placed a small headstone, worn continually by the stream which murmurs at its base. A willow, planted outside, at the border of the stream, has been turned so as to droop over the grave in a canopy of rustling foliage. Lilies of the valley grow in great plenty at the mouth of the grotto.

The country people assert that this is the burial-place of Aileen Astore (or *Asthore*, as they pronounce it), though an Irish gentleman, upon hearing the name, said it did not bear the mark of authenticity. He allowed the Christian name to be usual, being only the Irish for Ellen, but affirmed the surname to be quite unknown as such; it was, in fact, only a term of endearment, used by the

common people towards one whom they love. He explained the name Aileen Astore to mean simply, dear, or more expressively, darling Ellen. It appears, indeed, that a good many years ago, there had lived in the modernized part of those ruins, now called the Crow's Castle, a girl who, either from her beauty or goodness, or both, had become a great favourite with the peasantry of the whole neighbourhood. She was one of those who are considered, by this superstitious and romantic people, "lucky;" that is, not as we should understand the term, fortunate herself (for it was far otherwise), but bringing good fortune upon those who happened to see or to know her. Their prosperity was not perhaps such as to have warranted them in this belief; however, who knows whether it might not have been worse with them but for the influence of her presence? *i. e.* if any thing could be worse than the condition of an Irish peasant, except that of a jack-ass in Lima, as the proverb is. Be this as it may, she was regarded as a kind of deity or saint, who had put on human form, and descended from her throne in heaven to protect and bless them: the Mama Ocollo of these Irish Peruvians. Her beauty and kindness of disposition are proverbial in this country, so that

to say of any young maiden,—she "has Aileen Astore's kiss on her forehead," is to give her the highest character, moral and personal. Her sweetness of manners and superior intelligence may have contributed to gain her this reputation; but however acquired, her power over the few inhabitants of this retired province was supreme, and they would nearly as soon have dreamed of disputing commands from the Blessed Virgin herself, as those of Aileen Astore.

The Irish are a peculiarly sensitive people, and none are more alive to the influence of female charms; so much so, that they are perpetually inclined to deify the sex when any one appears amongst them remarkable for those qualities which we conceive angels to possess, however inconsistent with their spiritual essence, namely, beauty of person and grace of manner. They not only adore her as a woman, but worship her as a divinity. Such, in truth, is their devotion towards feminine excellence, that it often takes the hue of superstitious veneration; and a graceful, sweet-looking girl is almost always believed to have something about her more than human, which imparts such a lustre to her countenance and actions. If she were gifted with the spirit of policy, she might with

very little difficulty become, if not the sovereign, the supreme pontiff of this part of the world, and thus add another Pope Joan to the catalogue. It is a fact, however extraordinary it may sound to our English ears, that there is not an Irishman from Bengore to Cape Clear who would not rather kiss the hand of a pretty woman, than the toe of the most infallible old gentleman that ever sat in the chair of Saint Peter. The two most essentially chivalrous people in Europe are the Spaniards, and their reputed descendants, the Irish. Both are courageous to rashness, adventurous, patient of fatigue and hunger, punctilious in honour, apt to take offence, and quick to avenge it: but in no respect do they more resemble each other, or surpass other nations, than in their idolatry of the female sex,—that first and finest qualification of a true knight errant. We may ridicule the excess of this latter feeling, yet we cannot but view it as a romance of the heart, in which the wisest perhaps might love to wander. When we see with what deep awe and rapturous affection the Irish peasant almost kneels before the living shrine of beauty, as if a superior being were smiling upon his lowliness, with what silent veneration he listens to her behests, and with what recklessness of danger,

privation, life itself, he endeavours to perform them,—it is enough to make us ashamed of that cold, unchivalrous, gross sense of the beautiful, which teaches us, civilized people, to see nothing in the perfections of a lovely woman, but incentives to low and voluptuous passions,—which far, far wide of the enthusiastic feeling that reigns in his bosom, inclines us to debase her into a mere animal, rather than exalt her into a still diviner creature.

Aileen Astore, as an old cottier often related, for he was fond of dwelling on the subject, and his companions just as fond of hearing it, though it was probably for the thousand-and-first time—Aileen Astore was the niece of the last occupant of the castle, and was moreover herself the sole living representative of a race who had worn the provincial diadem for ages, till, by long use perhaps, and the continual loss of its jewels, it had dwindled to the simple white fillet that encircled her tresses. Her ancestral line had in fact stretched itself through every by-path and cross-road, over every chasm and obstacle, till its last link was fairly deposited in the hands of Ir, one of the chieftains who came over in the Milesian expedition, and who is supposed by some authors to have given its present

name to Ireland. For the first twelve years of her life, Aileen's uncle, it appeared, had lived at the capital; but the number of friends he found there speedily obliged him to think of quitting it. He lingered in their society long enough, however, to receive undeniable and indelible marks of the hearty interest they always took in his family concerns. They had kindly assisted him, to the very utmost of their power, in swallowing every inch of land he could dispose of; and would no doubt have joined heart and hand in enabling him to gulp down the Crow's Castle, crows and all, with its glebe full of stones, bramble-bushes, and thistle-tufts into the bargain, if it had not been unluckily entailed on his niece. Perceiving their inability to do any thing farther in this way for their "excellent old friend," they, with much consideration, left him to make his retreat into the country, without increasing, by their presence and tears, the anguish he must necessarily have felt at losing such valuable acquaintances for ever.

He retired with a full heart and an empty purse into the wilds of Connaught. The castle, which, with an extensive tract of incorrigible mountain and bog land, alone remained to him of all his ancient patrimony, afforded him such a comfortable re-

sidence as a certain number of roofless stone walls standing together on the top of a bleak hill might be supposed to furnish. The last relic of family grandeur, a massy diamond cross and necklace, which his niece had received from her mother's dying hand, and which she prized far beyond its real value, was sold, in order to bear the expense of fitting up a few rooms within these ruins. Here the old man lingered out two or three sallow years more, in obscurity and almost total silence, leaving at his death, which was sudden and unexpected, his niece, Aileen, heiress to his barren acres and ruined towers. Many tears of perfect sorrow bedewed his coffin, but they all dropt from Aileen's eyes; his tenants neither liked nor disliked him. She was now but seventeen, without a friend in the world to whose protection she could repair,—without a house to shelter her defenceless beauty save her own solitary castle. But her security lay in the respect and love of the peasantry around her: she was their petty queen, their saint, their guardian angel, their paragon of excellence, the very idol of their soul and affections, their morning prayer and their nightly blessing. They adored, they worshipped her; they swore in her name. They would have surrendered every thing they had or hoped

for in this world, to purchase her a moment's comfort. They would have been happy, proudly, gloriously happy, to die at her feet in defending her. Had she wanted money, every moveable and vendible thing in the neighbourhood would have been sold at a third of its value to make it up instantly: had a stranger, in casually passing through the district, attempted to injure or insult her, he would "have slept his next sleep on a scarlet pillow" (as the old chronicler worded it). Yet the cause of this extraordinary devotion in her favour is not very manifest. It appears that she was far from able to make any of her tenants either richer or happier; that she could neither assist them in poverty nor protect them in danger; and that there is not a single act of hers, traditional or otherwise, whereby she can be said to have rendered their condition a whit more enviable than if they never had enjoyed her patronage. The source of all this enthusiasm, the origin of her surname, and the secret of her deification, would seem at this distance of time to consist in nothing more than two very simple qualities, which she had the luck to possess—beauty and goodness. To all your inquiries after what she was, or what she did, or how she merited such love and veneration, the only answer is,—that she was

very good and very beautiful. However unsatisfactory this may appear to us, it is considered fully sufficient by a nation of such warm hearts and fancies as the Milesian Irish.

The remaining part of this young creature's life was that of a voluntary recluse. Whether from a natural melancholy of disposition, the delicacy of her health, or the retired mode of existence to which she had been so long accustomed, Aileen was seldom to be found beyond the precincts of her own immediate demesne. She had either forgotten the world, or feared to enter it alone and unprotected. The narrator of her history boldly asserted, however, that it was her disdain of society —the very best of which in the island was beneath her dignity as a princess (for such he considered her) to consort with—that kept her in retirement. He had often seen her in his youth, and if his eulogies on her person and manners did not hundredfold her deserts, queens were certainly alone fit to be her companions. Her complexion was more delicate than the bloom of the apple blossom—her skin was whiter than the feathers under the wing of a dove—her hair was long and dark like the train of a storm—and her eyes were as mildly bright as the lover's star: such were a few of the

images by which he endeavoured to convey some faint idea of Aileen Astore's beauty. Then her voice was as sweet as the music of a running stream, and when she touched her harp, the notes were as fine as arose from the mermaiden's lyre when she goes smoothly sounding along the waves of a summer sea: not a bird would attempt to sing whilst she was speaking; but the wild throstle has been heard in his leafy bower imitating her voice after she had stopped, and vainly striving to equal its melody. Our narrator's encomiums on her kindness of manner and benevolence of disposition, though uttered with no less enthusiasm, seemed to partake somewhat more of truth, and to flow less from his imagination than his heart. So that, upon the whole, it was not difficult to collect from his description, after all due allowances had been made, that Aileen was, probably, a very beautiful girl, and certainly a very amiable one.

After her uncle's death she became even more reserved than before. Her walks were now confined to the garden and little glen before mentioned, in which latter she spent most of her time. It became a sacred retreat, into which no other person dared to intrude, and over which no one dared to look. From this circumstance it was im-

possible to know how she amused herself so long there. Some persons thought that she was employed in communing with the spirits who were under her influence; but as this savoured too much of the forbidden arts, it was at length concluded that her hours were devoted to prayers and intercessions for the people. Whatever it was that engaged her, it seemed to be an office of much difficulty for so tender a frame; she was observed always to return more wearied in spirit, more pensive, and more drooping. Her countenance, however, still retained its placid, though uncheerful smile, her manners were as gentle as ever, and her accents grew even sweeter and sweeter as they became more feeble. She was evidently waning into a spirit; and the light coffin which was borne to the grave in the glen by four slender girls of about her own years, told how little of earth was about her when she died.

It was remarkable, that although no person had entered the glen but herself till her bier was carried thither, the grotto was found ready prepared for her interment, a grave having been scooped out, a small headstone provided, the willow planted, and the lilies sown. Her two domestics, an old man and his wife, had received orders where and how

she was to be buried; the ground had been once dedicated to a chapel, where some of the ancient possessors of the castle had been deposited, though their tombs were then scarcely visible, and the place for some centuries back had been disused for that purpose. But Aileen, with a passion for solitude which pursued her even in death, had fixed upon this spot to shelter her remains, for the very reason that her predecessors had deserted it,—because it was remote, secluded, and undisturbed. There is something, beyond doubt, against which the sensitive mind revolts—and which must have been especially disagreeable to a girl of Aileen's refinement of feeling—in the common practice of crowding a small space of ground with tombs and tombstones, where, instead of a peaceful retreat after the voyage of life, your dust is exposed to the profane hoof of every unmannerly clown who chooses to trample upon it; and your birth, death, and character, to the gaze of a whole village every holiday.

There seems to have been a peculiar delicacy in Aileen's choice of a burial-place so lonely and sequestered: perhaps she dreaded that, at some future time, if interred in an orthodox parish churchyard, when the area was full, and a space

wanted for some unwieldy corpse, her little coffin would be violated, and her slender bones rudely scattered about, for any vile hand to touch, or any inquisitive eye to examine. Considering it as a philosopher, this dread is ridiculous; a modern Cicero could adduce ten thousand arguments to prove it so. But, considering it as Aileen, who was no philosopher, but a timid girl, most probably did, it is expressive of an innate modesty, which no lover of the sex would wish to see replaced by a more stoical contempt for posthumous exposure.

Whatever may have been the reason, her request was complied with, to the letter. Four young girls bore her to the grave, all clad in virgin white, and strewing flowers before them. The whole peasantry of the neighbourhood, those who had owned her as a mistress, or acknowledged her as a friend, followed, in tears and in silence, the remains of Aileen Astore. They laid her gently in the bosom of her mother earth, closed the sod over her, and many a sigh, many a sob,—but not a single exclamation,—burst from their full hearts, as they took their last lingering leave of the sepulchre which concealed her for ever from their view. No dirge was sung—no wail was heard: silent they came, and silent they departed: but their grief was as

deep as it was dumb, it choked their voice; and a stranger might have thought they felt no sorrow, because they expressed none. Yet half a century has not worn her image from their hearts, nor blotted her name from their prayers. Ever since, the glen where she lies buried has been considered holy; the people of the country never enter it but upon the anniversary of her death, when a procession of their most beautiful maidens visit the grave, and deck it with all the shortest-lived flowers they can get, hanging white garlands upon the willow, and placing a bunch of vale-lily on the headstone, emblems of the purity and shortness of her life. A human sound, even a whisper, is never heard in the valley: it is called, or at least pronounced, *Glen-a-oude*, which means literally, "The Glen of the Grave." Her spirit is supposed to haunt the place where she loved, whilst alive, to wander; and it is held as a kind of sacrilege to intrude on its privacy, except for the purpose of beseeching its protection, or paying it honour. For she is still supposed, in its person, to watch over the inhabitants of the district with all her former solicitude: and her memory is as dear to them as if her influence had made them as really prosperous as they are truly miserable. One of their common sayings, or adages,

will best illustrate their belief of her presence and power amongst them. Whenever they wish a person the height of good luck, they exclaim—"the shadow of Aileen Astore be upon you!"—and though no happy result follows the wish, this is always owing to the unworthiness, either of the object or the wish-maker, and not at all to the impotency of the spirit.

Such is the history of Aileen Astore. For its authenticity we must depend on the word of her biographer, who had seen her in his youth, had been at her "berrin" (*i. e.* funeral; a corruption most probably of the English word *burying*), and had spent his life within sight of her home. The relation had been tinctured, no doubt, with enthusiasm: fancy or partiality supplied what was wanting in fact. But the outline of the story is perhaps as correct as, for such an unimportant thing, it need be.

There was one additional circumstance which seemed to corroborate his account. Every time he had finished the relation, his admiring auditors unanimously besought him for Aileen's Epitaph, which latter word they expressed by an Irish phrase, its poetical equivalent, namely,—"The Song of the Stone." This he appeared always to

reserve as a *bonne bouche*, with which they went away satisfied. Accordingly, summoning up a good deal of the bard into his countenance, and flinging himself into the attitude of inspiration, he repeated his favourite rhythm; a few sentences in a kind of unequally-cadenced prose, to which his manner lent considerable wildness and pathos. The words were English, but so strangely distorted by his pronunciation, that their sense was discoverable only here and there, by a traveller unacquainted with that dialect. This was indeed the case with all his discourse in that language, so that he was constantly liable to be misunderstood by a stranger, and perhaps not always perfectly intelligible to himself. He was yet the only inhabitant of the place who could speak with any degree of plainness out of the vernacular tongue. However, the corroborating circumstance alluded to was this: Some words of the Epitaph, indubitably English in their primitive state, were such as an ignorant peasant never could have used; so that, whosesoever the composition was, it most certainly could not have been his, but some person's well acquainted with the language, and whose education was above ordinary. The words "sepulchre," "tablet," and "epitaph" (which he pronounced

sibulchree, *tabulet*, and *effidath*), were amongst the number.

Nevertheless it was an interesting document of the oral kind, and furnished a good subject for a poet. The reader, perhaps, may not be displeased to see the "Song of the Stone" as Aileen might be supposed to have written it. To give it as it was recited would be useless, inasmuch as several parts of it are totally incomprehensible, even if our memory served to write them down; but the images, and words also, of the original, have been preserved, as far as it was possible to one who understood but a very few of the former, and not very many of the latter. An idea of the whole, as to its subject, spirit, and manner, was easily collected: a young girl who died in seclusion, unknowing and unknown; whose feelings were of the finest and tenderest growth, but coloured with the melancholy shade of that retirement in which she lived. From this epitaph she appears to have loved such a life, and to have been too romantic to love any other: yet amid all the sweet satisfaction it expresses in such an unseen state of existence, it is not hard to discover from the general tenor, but especially from the beginning line of the second stanza (as also from the circumstance of her having

written such a thing at all), that she had a heart capable of higher and warmer affections than she had ever an opportunity of displaying; and that she almost regretted being left so totally to that solitude, which she yet would never have forsaken.

If the following version conforms to this idea, it betters the hope of the author.

Here in a little cave,
the prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
all amid lilies pale,
that turn
their heads into my little vault and mourn—
Stranger! I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot:
a small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
and o'er me a green willow
doth weep,
still questioning the air—'Why doth she sleep,
the girl, in this cold spot?'

Even the very winds
come to my cave and sigh: they often bring
rose-leaves upon their wing
to strew
over my earth; and leaves of violet blue,—
in sooth, leaves of all kinds!

Fresh is my mossy bed:
the frequent pity of the rock falls here,
a sweet, cold, silent tear!
I've heard,
sometimes, a wild and melancholy bird
warble at my grave-head.

Read this small tablet o'er,
that holds mine epitaph on its cheek of pearl:
" Here lies a simple girl,
who died,
like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring-tide,
ere it had bloomed."—No more!

The old peasant so often mentioned in the preceding pages spoke of the inscription as originally cut or scratched upon a thin " tabulet" which hung from a projection on the headstone in the glen. Something like a projection still remains; the tablet is not to be found. The stone itself is of a white flaky substance, which has gradually chipped off, with the moisture of the grotto; and if the tablet were of the same material, this may account for its disappearance.

THE DEAD MAN'S DREAM.

Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE DEAD MAN'S DREAM.

I FEEL considerable hesitation in offering the subjoined piece, or document, to the reader's notice. There is something even in the title which may well be expected to "startle common sense" (from which nothing which designs to please rational beings should totally wander); and the piece itself fully corresponds in extraordinary matter. My best way is perhaps straight-forwardly to relate the manner in which I came by it, and thus rid myself of an author's share in a production of so equivocal a nature, though I still remain accountable for the part I take as editor. But the fact is, however extravagant the thing may be,—and its very name is certainly a contradiction in terms,—it is not so mad but that a sober man might read it. The interest that *I* felt in it inclined me to think that others might feel the same, and that therefore to publish

it was not improper. If I have erred in this opinion, I have only to throw myself on the indulgence of my readers, and beseech their pardon for offending where I sought to amuse.

A friend of mine, who has lately returned from the Continent, dining with me one day, produced, in the course of the evening, when our discourse ran on his adventures in "foreign parts," a little manuscript pamphlet from his coat-pocket. It was in his own hand-writing. "Here," said he, "is the best present I could bring a pundit like you. It is a curious piece of literature. You are in the way of publishing these things; I am not: so make what use of it you please, only I think it is worth preserving, at least as a curiosity. Open it"——

"The Dead Man's Dream!—What in the name of absurdity is this?"

"Stop," said my friend, clasping in his huge hand my diminutive one and the pamphlet it held, —"Stop, and I will give you its biography: this may take off the edge of your spleen." So saying, he began somewhat in this way, though not exactly, for I cannot remember his precise words.—

[I beg leave here to premise, before giving my friend's relation, that together with his own denial of his being the author of the piece, I have this

irrefragable proof of the fact, namely—his total inability (as his "Journal" sufficiently demonstrates) to put three sentences of prose together with any reasonable accuracy. He has indeed written a great deal of poetry,—but that is of no moment.]

"Whilst I was in Germany, being determined to visit every town of note, I stopped at Nuremburg, and procured lodgings in a remote quarter of the town where I might fill up my Journal without interruption. The landlady appeared to be a good-natured, matronly, talkative sort of body, with a drop of something always in her eye, whether the overflowing of her heart or her brandy bottle I could not exactly determine. Truth lay between, perhaps. In the extremity of her good nature she would never suffer me to be a single hour alone, but would considerately manage house affairs so as to let me have her company throughout the greater part of the day. Whilst I was engaged busily noting down some very material circumstance of my late journey, this kind soul would enter my room, and seating herself without any formality in an old-fashioned arm-chair opposite, begin a one-sided conversation of the most amusing kind, if I might judge from the gratification which shone in her features. But as I understood German very im-

perfectly, and was moreover entirely ignorant of Nuremburg social politics (upon which my landlady's conversation chiefly settled), one half the good things she said were altogether unintelligible. I was often on the point of bursting out into a huge laugh when the good woman intended to affect me deeply; and sometimes caught myself putting on a very lugubrious face, when, as it afterwards appeared, I should have been ready to split my sides, had I rightly appreciated the exquisite humour of her story. This was partly owing to my own politeness, which led me to accommodate my features to what I thought the matter of the tale; and partly to the relator's own physiognomy, which never took such a ludicrous aspect as when it attempted to express the pathetic, and never was so plentifully bedewed with the ambiguous tears I spoke of, as when the sufferer herself was convulsed with laughter. My Journal, however, stood still as the sun for Joshua.

"I had really no claim upon all this good nature of my landlady's, so determined upon giving it a wider field for display, by withdrawing the unworthy object which monopolized it. But I might as well have attempted to walk through the Red Sea, as the river of tears which the soft-souled old

gentlewoman shed, when I talked of quitting her tenement. I am naturally of a very sentimental disposition, as you well know, and the sight of beauty in tears always unmans me; so when the tender, affectionate, lovely old lady began to ejulate, I profess I could hardly forbear blubbering myself, and but for the monstrous starched ruff which she wore, would have thrown my arms about her neck whilst I besought her to receive me once again into her bosom. But indeed this was unnecessary. She accompanied me joyfully back to my chamber, helped to unpack my trunks, and having deposited me in a low-bottomed arm-chair at the table, with my long-meditated Journal before me, left me there to rub my hands at my good fortune, with the comfortable assurance—that 'as I had agreed to remain in her house, which was rather lone, she would take care I should never want for society, but sit with me herself the whole day, except when obliged to be absent.' Going down, therefore, to prepare dinner, she opened the door for her favourite tom-cat, which, with its tail elevated like the flag-staff of a man-of-war, entered immediately. This fiend, which was black, and about the size of a moderate pig, began to miawl, and glare with its green eyes upon me so fiercely, that I thought

Mephistopheles himself was come to take a seat by my fire. A cage, also, with a couple of Stentorian canaries, was suspended in one corner of the room by my officious landlady, in spite of my entreaties that she would keep these execrable little birds to enliven the solitude of her own bed-chamber. I had the offer, too, of a green parrot, that could not speak a word, but every moment uttered a scream like a saw whetting; this, however, I insisted on excluding, though I could hardly make the benevolent lady understand that its music to me was agreeable exactly in proportion to its distance.

"My sensibility having got me into this situation, I had need of all my fortitude to support me in it. It was in vain to think of going on with my Journal; for the mere purpose of which I had taken this solitary lodging,—indeed (like many other modern travellers) had made this continental excursion. I accordingly threw my little *mem.* book into the middle of the floor, and putting my arms a-kimbo, swore, under breath, and through clenched teeth, as many oaths as I could possibly collect on the instant. After having exhausted both memory and imagination (for I invented several patent imprecations, rage ministering to a genius naturally happy in that way),—I recovered the native equanimity

of my temper, and determined, most philosophically, to endure with patience that which I could not possibly avoid. Besides, I had only to postpone my regular journal for the week, and in the meantime from my lodgings, as a centre of excursion, go forth every day to reconnoitre and topographize for the gratification of the public and my own glory.

"After I had spent three days in this manner, going out every morning after breakfast upon my literary espionage, and returning at nightfall to the society of my excellent, insufferable old landlady, the canaries, and the tom-cat,—on the fourth I found myself indisposed, which obliged me to keep my room. To render all tribute where it is due, I was nursed with the utmost care by Mrs. Hitterdrummel for the whole day; she supplied me plentifully with hot broths, gruels, and slops of all kinds, to promote perspiration, together with a good dose of opium and a long story to encourage sleep, which produced the desired effect in a little time. I slept till late in the evening, and finding myself greatly better, ordered tea. To my surprise and delight it was brought in by a little girl, who placed it silently on the table, and (though she was my kind hostess's

lineal descendant) withdrew without a word. I blessed myself with the idea of having at length one evening to myself, and drawing my little table closer to the fire, took the 'Sorrows of Werther' from behind me, with the full resolution of enjoying a delicious cup of Pekoe and tears. Just as I had emptied one basin, demolished one pretty thick slice of well-buttered toast, and spread my pocket-handkerchief ready on my knee—Bump! bump! 'Who's that?' 'Tis I, sir,' (replied my landlady outside the door). 'O! the —— confound you! (murmured I)—Come in, Mrs. Hitterdrummel; pray walk in; I am *so* glad to see you!'

"The disturber of my rest entered, her eyes swimming as usual, and looking at me with an air of ominous delight. I guessed that she promised me and herself an evening's uninterrupted conversation. After inquiring affectionately for my health, she sat down in her accustomed place, and quickly succeeded in dispelling the little army of blue devils which had gathered thick about the fire-place. A sigh involuntarily broke from me as they departed, for I had set my heart on being very wretched and disconsolate all that evening. She observed it, and asked whether I was ill. 'No,' replied I, with a lan-

guishing air of melancholy,—'but (pointing gracefully at the book) I have been reading the Sorrows of Werther.'

" 'Ah! sir (exclaimed the sympathetic old creature, gulping down as much salt water as issued from her eyes, and shaking her head sorrowfully at me)—ah! sir, it is no wonder that you sigh. I have cried, myself, over that book so much, that I could not see a word I was reading. My daughter, too, was quite in love with it: she had a Werther of her own,—though, indeed, he was a little too fond of brandy, and used to beat her now and then with his last (for he was a shoemaker, sir), till it grew quite disagreeable. Poor Johanna!—well—ah!—Werther!—no wonder for you, sir!—They say that in this town there was a full-grown baboon that used to cry, and beat his breast, and tear his hair, and make a thousand horrible faces, whenever he heard a speech out of Werther. So when a baboon could be affected by it, no wonder for you, sir.'—This, as well as I could collect, was what my landlady said, but I am not quite sure that the words she used did not mean, instead of 'a full-grown baboon,' an *old lord*,—my knowledge of German is so scanty. She then remarked that I was very studious, and given to melancholy.

"'Ah! you are something like the young man that died in this very room about five years ago: He was mad, they tell me—Very like you, indeed, sir!—very like. I saw him the night before he departed. Lord! how wild his eyes looked!—Yet he was no more than a skeleton. Just bone and skin!—But very like you, sir. Though he had been a fine young fellow they say who knew him: but see what the power of Satan will do! 'Tis certain that he had a red mark on the inside of his hand, like a bloody dagger, and he could never look at it without shrieking. Heaven be over us! —Well—he died—crazy!—ay—crazy!—poor gentleman!—Very like you, indeed, sir—and was buried in the convent-yard opposite. Father Burlaam knows all about it. Blood on his hand—Mercy upon me!'

"The few words of this speech that I could understand awakened great interest within me concerning this *Llamdearg* of Nuremburg. I accordingly inquired earnestly about Father Burlaam, and by dint of cross-questioning, at length made out his residence. But I paid the price of my inquisitiveness, for my landlady perceiving that her conversation had very much interested me, took that as an excuse for being more than usually communi-

cative, and held me by the ear for three long hours with as much pertinacity as a mastiff holds a pig for the same number of minutes. I had not even the satisfaction of being able to squeak. With all her disposition to inform me, however, I could gather but little of the young man's story from what she said, but determined to consult some more intelligible authority.

"Next morning I sallied out at an early hour, and made my way to the convent where Father Burlaam resided. The old monk received me kindly, though with very few words. What a contrast to his loquacious townswoman! I asked about the young man with the bloody hand; he looked at me quickly with his sharp gray eye, and inquired what I knew about the story. This was easily told; he smiled gravely and shook his head. He then led me by the button-hole, in perfect silence, to the convent-yard, where, amongst other tombs, I beheld one separated from all the others by a wide circuit of untrodden grass. This was the burial-place of one Theodore Woelfel, he of the bloody hand. There was nothing remarkable about it, but that from its state of wildness and neglect amidst such a number of spruce sepulchres, it looked like a desecrated spot in consecrated ground.

I made several attempts to draw out Father Burlaam, who spoke Latin with facility, but he remained perversely or prudently silent. We then adjourned to the library, where he became more conversative. I found out that he plumed himself not a little on his scholastic attainments. In the exploded science of astrology he was a great master, and I also had fortunately studied it, less indeed from admiration than curiosity. Upon this subject the learned father in a short time became not only diffuse, but loquacious; not only loquacious, but, to do him justice, excessively tiresome. However, I was determined to humour him, in hopes of succeeding with my own inquiry. But whenever he perceived my questions verging this way, his brow fell, and his voice too; he seemed to grow uneasy, scarcely dared to look over his shoulder, and in a somewhat petulant manner shifted the conversation. I then recurred to his favourite topic, and again his brow and his voice rose. It now became late, and I took my leave. He would scarcely let my button-hole go, stopping me ten times as we crossed the court, to enter into a disquisition upon aspects, influences, conjunctions, and all the other jargon terms of an art whose nomenclature embraced the whole of his learning. On opening the wicket to

allow me an exit, I thought he motioned as if to say something of a different kind; but, recollecting himself, he only wished me good evening.

"In two or three days I repeated my visit, with the pretence of consulting him on occult matters. He appeared delighted to see me again, and speak with me. I went several times after, and at length so ingratiated myself with him, that upon going away one evening, he said in a murmur, and looking not at me but upon the ground, as if he feared the purport of his speech might be discovered—'Come hither to-morrow at the hour of vespers; my brethren will be engaged, but I will stay at home to receive you.'—I need not say that I was at the appointed place at the appointed time. A lay-brother opened the wicket: Father Burlaam was ill, he said, but was desirous of seeing me in his cell. He immediately conducted me there by a private passage, and on entering I found the good monk in bed. He told me to shut the door fast; upon my doing so he threw off the counterpane, under which he had been lying in his clothes. 'I have been a little indisposed,' said he. Secretly I thanked him for the information; I should never have guessed it from his look, voice, or movements, which were all just as ever. I have been sick myself, however,

on a Sunday.—The old monk sat down, without further preamble, and began as follows:

"'I perceive your anxiety to know the history of Theodore Woelfel, and will gratify it if you desire. But, be advised by me, seek not to learn more more than you've heard already. I wish it had never been disclosed to me; it has cost me many a night of terror. Of heaven we cannot know too much, of hell too little. These are horrible things. —Are you still resolved?'

"Perceiving me obstinate, he went on:

"'Well! you have had your warning, and must only take the consequences of neglecting it. I shall now proceed to tell you all that I am at liberty to reveal concerning this young man's history.—Theodore Woelfel was the son of a respectable merchant in this city. He was educated at Jena, where it is said he gave remarkable proofs of genius, accompanied with an enthusiasm in whatever he undertook that soon made him a master in every department of literature. Upon his return from Jena, he applied to the study and practice of medicine, in this his native city. It was understood that he made great advances in occult learning, astrology, alchemy, and magnetism. One day, being employed in reading the stars, as he moved

the telescope suddenly from east to west, one of a deep blood colour shot across the field of view. Being struck with the phenomenon, he endeavoured to trace out the particular luminary, and at length found it. The colour was fast fading from its orb, and it brightened as he looked at it by degrees, until he at length recognized his own birth-star!—The circumstance long dwelt on his mind, but was gradually effaced.

"'Some years after this, Theodore was sent for to visit a young lady, whom her friends thought in a decline. Her name was Constance Morner. Whether by Theodore's prescriptions, or the will of Providence, she recovered, though some who have beheld her say, that she was too beautiful and delicate, even in her fullest bloom, for any clime but heaven. Theodore fell deeply in love with her, and Constance unfortunately with him. I say unfortunately, because, although in person and mind all that a woman could imagine of noble and interesting, the sensibility of his disposition, which amounted in some cases to frenzy, much more than counterbalanced his many excellent qualities. Happy for her had she departed into an angel before ever she saw him!—The Count Mansfeldt, an officer in the emperor's body-guard,

arrived in Nuremberg; and it was observed that he quickly singled out Constance for the object of his attentions.—I now come to the dreadful part of my story. Though the blue of heaven itself shone in her eyes, and the light of its truth played o'er her countenance—though her passion for Theodore was the earthliest feeling about her, the only mark of mortality,—and it the purest, the most blameless, that ever unsainted woman cherished,—yet this ungenerous, this too well-beloved lover, in the selfishness of his adoration, stained her faith with a suspicion, because she dared to smile in another's presence. She was offended,—that is, as saints are, without anger,—by his unjust thoughts of her, and met him the next time with some reserve, the count being accidentally near her. This confirmed Theodore's suspicion, and his jealousy became fury only to be quenched in—no matter! We are not at liberty to suspect *him*, either.

"'The sequel is lamentable. Let me go through with it as briefly as I may. One evening the young lady's family were alarmed by her long stay in the orchard, where she usually walked till sunset. They went out to seek her, and at length found the unfortunate girl, lying amidst some myrtle-bushes, with a deep wound in her breast,

from which the blood flowed in a stream. She was carried home; but though she revived for a few hours, she either could not, or would not, disclose who it was that committed this pitiless murder. She died with a single sigh.—The assassin was never positively discovered, though the count, before he left the town, made every inquiry. One thing however is known, that her lover Theodore, upon hearing of her death, was seized with a brain fever, which reduced him by its violence to such a state of debility, that he never after perfectly recovered his health or his senses. For the short remaining term of his life, he was subject to long raving fits, which generally ended in trances of weeks and months together: he was buried in the place you saw, after having lain a full year without exhibiting any signs of life. Many strange stories prevail concerning him; one of which is, that a short time after his burial, screams and yells of the most terrrible description were heard to come from beneath the ground where he was interred, which forms a kind of vault over his coffin; whence some persons conjecture, that the Evil One has seized on him for the murder of Constance. Another is, that ever after her death, he had a red mark like a bloodstain on his palm, as if printed by

the handle of a dagger, and that whenever he chanced to behold this, he became insane. Certain it is, that from the period of this murder till his death, he constantly wore his right arm in his breast when any one was present; which was but seldom, as he lived in a darkened room, under the care of his mother, and of an old friend and fellow-student of his, a brother of our order, who constantly visited him. It was from this man that I received the story which you have just heard. Whether it is true or false, you are as good a judge as I am.'

"'I thanked Father Burlaam for his information, but protested that, although his story was sufficiently impressive, I could see nothing in it so horrible as to render it unsafe for one to know it.'

"'My son,' replied he, 'you remember not what I told you of the noises in the church-yard.'

"'O! if that is all——'

"'What then!' ejaculated the monk, 'you doubt that Satan has the power of claiming his subjects?'

"'So much so, that I doubt if Theodore Woelfel, even though he were the murderer he is thought, will ever descend into any other hell than the hell of his own reflections.'

"'Enough, God knows! if his dream be true.'

"'What dream?' said I, rising, and catching the monk eagerly by the arm.

"'My tongue has betrayed me!' said he, too much agitated by my manner to think of an evasion.

"'For Heaven's sake! let me know it,' exclaimed I: 'this, this is the terrible part of his story, which you have hitherto kept from me.'

"'You shall know it,' said the monk. 'And in this I am only performing the will of the dead; for he desired that this dream of his should be made known, in a sentence prefixed to the relation itself.'

"'I would give the world to see it!'

"'A little *time* is all I shall require of you,' calmly rejoined the monk. He opened a secret pannel in the wainscot of his cell, and drawing forth a parchment scroll, tied round with a black riband, put it into my hands with these words: 'The document I give you was found some days before his burial, in Theodore's right-hand, as he lay, heavy and cold as marble, on his bed. Whether written by him in a trance, or by his spirit during the times it was permitted to re-visit its former earth, must for ever remain unknown. Upon one condition it is yours: I have long

trembled between the fear of disobeying a command from the dead, and that of publishing the horrible secrets here unfolded, which might draw down on me the vengeance of an ignorant people, who believe, from my known powers in the Great Art, that I have commerce with infernal beings. You may now relieve me from both. You are an Englishman, a free-man, and (said he smiling), a heretic. You have no dread, civil or divine, to restrain you from giving publicity in your own country to this document. I can rely upon your word: promise me you will do so, and this is all I ask for that which I see you are so anxious to obtain, and which I am equally desirous to get rid of.'

"I gave him my solemn promise. On the instant, as it were something beyond mere coincidence, a thunder clap shook the very earth on which we stood, and the monk dropped, pale and trembling, on his knees. After a short pause, the sky, which had been louring dim and angrily, cleared into brightness and beauty. The monk rose, opened his cell door, as if anxious for my departure, whilst he scarcely bade me farewell, as I took my leave of him for ever.

"You may perceive from this (added my friend),

that I am under the necessity of publishing this document, or of getting it published. So if, upon reading it, you do not like to peril your reputation in that way, I will borrow it of you for the above-said purpose; and you shall have the original again, when it is printed, to deposit in the sacred archives of your library."

Such is the history which I received of this document; nor have I any reason to suspect its authenticity, as far as my friend is concerned. How much of it is credible beyond this, readers will determine for themselves, when they have read it. Word for word it follows:

THE DEAD MAN'S DREAM

THERE IS A WARNING IN THIS: LET IT BE MADE KNOWN UNTO MEN, O YE WHO RECEIVE IT!

I sank downward and downward; and methought the whirlwinds shrieked round my coffin, as it was rapt through the vaults of eternal night with the velocity of a star precipitated from its sphere in heaven. The air tasted like bitter dew. It was cold—O God, how cold! My veins swelled and

knotted into cords of ice; my heart grew solid in my bosom. When I attempted to move, my skin crackled like frozen water, my flesh stuck to the shroud, and my limbs felt as immoveable as marble. I could scarcely breathe: terror, and the flashing swiftness of my descent, had robbed me almost of thought. At length, when my senses had nearly left me, they were recalled by a terrible howl, that pierced through and through my ears like an icy dart: it sounded as if through a limitless vacuity; for there was not an echo to the note. Immediately after, a loud rush, as of winds pushed violently back!—a clap of thunder!—another rush, that sucked me backwards for a moment, and then another clap! I knew by these symptoms, as well as the brazen scream of the hinges as they turned, that I had passed the infernal doors. Then, heavens and earth! what a raging, and a fury, and a tempest of noises!—clamours, and ringing uproar, and out-crying!—yells of triumph! groans of anguish! shrieks of despair!—supplications stopped with a thunder-spoken NO,—followed by the crash of destruction! Shouts of terror smothered as if in a flood before they were half out!—Curses! prayers! insults!—cries of piercing and refined pain! voices stretched till the lungs seemed all at

once to burst, and choke them with blood!—Laughter mixed with savage welcomes! Convulsive sobs of agony! and more than all, the low tremulous murmurs of innumerable creatures writhing in the last extremities of torture, which had subdued even the power of exclamation! But there were other and more inhuman noises: the hissing of serpents, the croaking of toads, the shrill clangor of the vulture's beak and pinions, the filthy retching howl of the hyæna, the ferocious exultation of the tiger as he springs on his prey, and the bellowing of leviathan as if his throat emitted thunder. I cannot describe half the terrific sounds. Some were like the wrangling of blood-hounds and catamountains with half-resisting human creatures; some like the midnight yell of wolves seeking for carcases: and some again were like the forest-shaking roar of the lion, or the blood-thirsty growl of the panther. One deep, tremendous, indesinent peal vibrated through the air, and united all the other sounds in its hollow groan;—it was that of a tempestuous ocean rolling below, to whose voice the voice of earth's stormiest sea is but a sigh.

Over these horrid sounds and scenes was I borne continually on, with the speed of lightning, and hurried still farther into the regions of pain. My

flight, I thought, would never end: at last, when the noises had thickened into an indistinguishable din, my coffin with a hideous crash broke upon the head of a dark promontory, and flying asunder into ten thousand pieces, left me standing in a little niche, that sloped its foot-place towards the gulf below. I pressed my hands against the sides of this, to prevent me falling, strained back my neck, and trembling with agonized fear, gazed on the perdition beneath me. O hell! what do mine eyes behold?—An ocean of liquid fire, in which millions of human creatures, surging up and down, as the billows roll mountain high, fill the pitiless air with their cries! Volumes of sulphury pestilential smoke cloud its surface, and ridges of yellow foam sweep over it with a continual roar. The waves burst at the foot of the cliffs on which I hang, though at an immeasurable depth beneath, and curling backwards, fall in showers of scalding spray upon the victims who are tossed for ever on that ocean.—I turned in horror away. But wherever I turned, to the right or to the left, the same flood of raging fire spread its moving hills before me,—the same unhallowed scene, of wretches suffocating in its waves, stretched beyond the limits of vision. Is there no rest—no rest for these bleeding eye-

balls? O God! O God! where can my sight find peace?—I looked up. The vault was as dark as the chamber of death; save that the heavy black clouds, which lowered from its ciel, were occasionally tinged with a dreary ferruginous hue, as the vapours below opened for a moment, and displayed the waves of the blazing sea. Upon this dim firmament I endeavoured to fix my sight, though fearing every moment that my hands or feet would slip, and that I should be precipitated amongst the wretches whose condition I was bewailing.

As I continued steadfastly to gaze upwards, methought at times I could perceive something like a small white cloud hovering immediately above my head. It frequently approached, when I thought it assumed the figure of an angel in a bright flowing garment: but it receded again till I could scarcely perceive it, glimmering like a distant star. Once more I heard the thunder-clap of hell's portal: the promontory shook like a living creature, and I had fallen into the gulf, if some pitying spirit behind me had not clasped her wings around me at the moment, and preserved me in my place. When my terror had abated, I looked round,—but could see nothing except the light fleecy

meteor floating a long way above me. Nor had I time for conjecture: an instant had scarcely passed since the thunder-clap, when a fiend, griping in its talons a human being, rushed into the mid-vault, and hurled him, as he clung screaming to its detested bosom, down the abyss. A groan, which I could not suppress, attracted the flaming eyes of the fiend. He buried his talons in my flesh, and swooping to the very ridge of the waves, bore me aloft once more into the regions of darkness: there, loosing his hold, a faint shriek followed me as I dropped from his arms into the sea of torment. My senses fled!—

Not the roar of that sea, not the cries of its victims, not the pain of its tortures, awoke me:—but the soft flapping of pinions, which carried me swiftly yet smoothly through the dim cloisters of hell. Two downy, tremulous pinions, on which my shoulders leaned, folded my body round, meeting at my breast; whilst two others gently beat the air. Upon my neck a warm and odorous breath continually sighed; long tresses of silken hair now and then swept my cheek;—and I felt, as her bosom pressed against my shoulders, that my guardian angel was of the sex I loved. Ah, none could have pitied me but you!—

But my horrors were not over. I still saw, on the edge of the horizon, sulphury waves coiling around the infernal dome, which, though now distant, were as full of dread as ever. How should I ever pass them? Below me was the SECOND HELL. From this, cries and imprecations, more dissonant and piercing than I had yet heard, ascended, beating the clouds above us till they muttered thunder and spat forth swords of blue flame, which fell, bright and poignant as steel, amongst those who implored their mercy. We were often rolled in sheets of livid fire, and struck by the hissing thunder-bolts; but my guardian's wings, covering me from head to foot, kept me safe as the young dove whom its mother shelters in her bosom when storms mingle together the leaves of the forest. A smell of blood now overcame me almost to fainting. I cast mine eyes beneath, and lo!—a river of that horrid element urged on its slothful waves through a channel that surrounded this region of woe. Bones, and joints, pieces of torn flesh, and entrails, floated down the tide, or dammed up its current in several places with their filthy admixture. The bank we passed was steep and precipitous; that we approached was shelving. Down this inner bank rolled streams of crimson gore, continually feeding

the River of Blood. These were the streams which flowed from the bodies of such miserable beings as were torn, and lacerated, and mangled, within the second house of torture. My heart sickened, and my eyes wept scalding tears, as I beheld the scene over which we were now rapidly wafting. Thousands upon thousands of living bodies were scattered upon its floor; limbs torn from their trunks, but still quivering with pain, carcases mutilated and disfigured so as to be hardly recognizable, heads with the last grin of agony upon their features, broken joints, clotted hair, eyes spreading into jellies, and hearts swimming in pools of their own blood, lay in myriads around. Thousands upon thousands of fiends, in more horrid and disgusting shapes than tongue could paint, exercised their remorseless fury upon the unhappy victims in more abominable and vindictive ways than words could describe. It was from hence that the wild and bestial cries had proceeded which I heard whilst standing over the gulf of fire. Every combination of hideous form with which we are acquainted, numberless which we have never imagined, and still others which humanity could never apprehend, beset this place—yelling, shrieking, and howling, mangling and tormenting with every species of re-

fined cruelty the semi-animate bodies of their victims, or pursuing those who fled with hellish exclamations of mockery and delight at their attempts to escape. Here lay a body sweltering in the venom of an enormous toad, whose pestiferous breath settled like a dense fog around it: here a gigantic demon, somewhat in the form of a baboon, but horned, and with cloven feet, caught a human creature in its span round the waist, grasping him so tight that the bowels gushed out between its claws, and the veins burst in the head: here was a huge vulture, with its head and neck thrust up to the ruff in a victim's breast: and here was a thing with eyes like two open furnaces, the jaws of a crocodile, and talons like immense scythes, which devoured whole carcases at a mouthful, craunching bones and flesh together, and afterwards disgorging them for a second repast. About the midst of the arena sat a monstrous, swoln, and unsightly figure, with a rolling paunch, and a head something between human and swinish; it fed upon nothing but marrow, and for this it cracked the spine of its prey, by doubling the head and feet violently together, and then sucked out its gluttonous fare. Behind this odious fiend cowered a vampire, unwieldy with blood, which it was still drawing from

the artery of a wretch who in vain struggled to escape the deadly hold of his lethargic enemy, that stuck to him like a mass of his own flesh mortified. But I will disclose no more of what it was my fate to behold perpetrated on this horrid stage: my sight grew dim, and I hid my face under the angel's wings that I might see no longer. In this sweet darkness I strove to forget the dreadful scenes I had witnessed.

By and by I felt her descending suddenly and swiftly, as if she had closed her wings; but again she rose on high. She then darted through the air in different directions, winding with the rapidity of light, now shooting far into the vast, now returning with equal speed: fleeting, doubling, sinking, soaring, and weaving ten thousand airy lines by the intricacy of her evolution. Mercy! what sounds are these? Dire vociferations, yells of disappointment, threatenings of revenge! I looked forth, and behold—five winged demons were pursuing us! They groaned with passion, they gnashed, they wept with very ire; they spread every pinion to overtake us. Still my protecting angel escaped them, and had borne me in safety away, if another fiend, rising directly from the pit, had not stopped her flight. She resigned me

with a flood of tears, that bathed me all over, as I sank down in the clutch of the demon, to the shore of the river of blood. O! I can never enumerate one-half the tortures I there suffered!—the ear itself would bleed to hear them told. But as I lay groaning in agony, under the merciless fangs of the demon, still I could perceive the white star glittering above me, whilst at times it dropt tears of pity on my wounds, that closed as they drank the divine balsam. So long as my swoln eye-balls might catch a glimpse of this ethereal light, so long as I might feel its balmy drops upon my parching lips,—I could not utterly despair! It was the Angel of Hope, or a dearer spirit, and I suffered the torments of my flesh with the fortitude she inspired. But Nature was at length worn out, and although the air of these regions is gifted with the power of eternal revivification, so that life is perpetually imparted, lest annihilation should briefen hell,—yet I lay motionless, passive, dumb, —for my strength of resistance and lamentation were equally gone. The demon, seeing this, withdrew some paces, and, with a feline satisfaction, contemplated me as I lay, powerless and mangled, bleeding through a thousand wounds, my hair stiffened with gore, my eyes glazed with a thick film

of clammied tears, my lips drinking the cruel beverage in which I weltered. O spirit of charity! where art thou now?—Quicker than the tercel-gentle stoops at her quarry, my beloved, my angelic protectress swept me in her arms from off the oozy floor, and with sounding pinions, buried me and herself in the clouds above us, triumphing as she flew.

Amid these pitchy elements, we soared for an age of time; now and again descending, for an occasion, as I judged, to escape the fiends. At last I beheld the waves of the blazing sea once more fluctuating beneath me, on the other side, as it appeared, of the vault of darkness. The sooty walls of the dome were near. Thousands of circular orifices gaped on its surface, through which bodies were continually shooting into the flames below. Sometimes a fiend, griping a coffin, rushed through, and dashing it on the promontory that stood in the midst, its tenant fell headlong, and the gulf received him in its fiery roar. Nine brazen gates, leading through a dreary aisle, stood high in the walls. Before the mouth of this porch, and across it, in unnumbered lines, and most implicate directions, were flickering, darting, and thronging, hundreds of odious shapes: flying serpents, harpies, winged

crocodiles, scorpions swollen red with venom, imps with adder scourges, hornets, asps, lemurs, basilisks, mandrakes, tarantulas,—amongst other nameless and indescribable fiends, mingled, and wound, and twisted, in an everchanging veil, between us and the gates, so that nothing could pass through. Above them hovered, though he scarcely moved his shady pinions, a monster between a dragon, a toad, and a bat; his eyes shot dull, bloody rays of fire, and he belched out volumes of sulphury flame with a hateful noise; poison continually exuded from his loins, and dropped hissing into the lake below; his wings were black and webbed, which he spread in a horrid canopy over the flying swarms, ready to catch whatever haply might pierce through them. My preserver sighed, as she beheld this obstruction: the gates were imperviable.

We kept floating beneath the clouds in hopeless expectation. Eternity wasted. But the sound of clarions is heard without!—loud enough to drown a peal of thunder. A mighty rushing wind swept through the gates, and dissipated the cloud of fiends: the giant monster himself cowered fearfully below. The furies ceased; the fiery billows stood suspense; all hell grew pale. Complaint shrunk into murmurs, deep, low, and wavering. Harsh,

and dismal, and lengthening tediously upon the winds, came a single blast from the trump of Woe!—There was a total pause.—*Abaddon comes! Abaddon comes!* shrieked a voice through the hollow aisle, and the eternal dome gasped in silence at the dreaded name! Another storm of wind drove back the gates—and the God of Hell flashed through with all his train!—"Lost or won!" tremblingly whispered my preserver, as the last of the array shot through the aisle. She flung herself at the porch, and her wild scream of delight, as the ninefold gates swung fast behind us, told me she had saved her worthless charge!—I thought I had heard that voice before.—

We now entered upon a vast region, of hills and forests, and deep valleys, covered with snow. This was the HELL OF COLD. The rocks were of ice, the trees of sparry crystal: a perpetual torrent of snow, mingled with bitter sleet, filled the damp and foggy air: storms of hail descended with unceasing fury: tempests and hurricanes for ever swept through this inhospitable clime, confusing the ground with the sky. As we flew hurriedly on, I could here and there discern naked wretches emerging from beneath hills of snow, or wrapt in shrouds of the same element, whirled aloft by the

eddying blasts, and precipitated again fathoms deep into the bedded valleys. Some were locked to the chin in icebound rivers; some were climbing white hills of rocks, whose edges, as sharp and clear as glass, lacerated their flesh and crimsoned the surrounding snow with their blood; some had crept into icy caves, where they sat shuddering as the sleet drifted past in whirlwinds, or listening to the storms that howled piercingly around,—their locks hanging in icicles, their glassy eyes frozen into a haggard stare, and their lips riveted together. One miserable female, who had just dropped from her coffin, was dragging her long raven tresses about her, to cover a form that transcended the snow itself in whiteness: but even this thin veil was denied her; it rolled off her breast and limbs in threads of rustling crystal, whilst she could only fold her hands on her bosom and kneel closely, till the shower had weft her another garment. In a stormy nook I saw two who seemed to be lovers, and who endeavoured to shield each other in a mutual embrace; they were petrified into one, their kisses drew off each other's skin, and their tears fell in hail on each other's countenance. I was myself perishing, to the core of my vitals. The spirit wrapt me in her downy pinions, and pressed me

close to her bosom; but still I felt deadly cold. The blood was freezing about my heart, my limbs stiffened into ice; the wind, as if it blew shafts of invisible steel, penetrated me to the marrow, and my breath fell in humid flakes upon my chest. The angel I thought perceived my danger, for she turned me, as it were—to expire on her bosom, and putting her head under her wings sighed warmly though despairingly over me. Her breath, as sweet as that which exhales from immortal amaranth, revived me with its cheering fragrance, whilst bending up my limbs like an unborn child I nestled within her arms. My tingling blood began to flow once more; and though I suffered anguish unspeakable and excruciating for what seemed another age, life kept her seat in my heart. We now rose to an infinite height, as if ascending an insuperable hill. The air grew still keener and more acrimonious as we rose,—vitality was again deserting me,—when a precipitous flight directly downwards restored me to full existence.

But the intolerable heat of the next clime soon made me almost regret the cold of that from which I had escaped. The atmosphere grew so red that I seemed to inhale flame, parching my lips to cinders, and withering my innermost vitals to ashes.

Whirlwinds of fiery dust and hot sand choked up my eyes, and ears, and throat, settling into my flesh, and burning its way to the bone. These were eternally flashing against us as we passed; the clouds rained and the hurricanes blew without cessation red-hot particles of a transparent or a very subtle matter, which scalded and burnt at once wherever it fell: I was as if passing through a climate of boiling fire. My tongue was swoln to the roof of my mouth; my eyes, bleared and blood-shot, felt like burning stones in my head, and welled out a crimson liquor that furrowed itself a path down my cheeks, dropping like bullets of molten iron into my breast.—I will no longer attempt to recount these unutterable things. They are beyond communication and comprehension of a mortal kind. Alas, that they should ever be known!

Over a lofty wall, or bank of glowing sand, down which half-smothered wretches were continually rolling, we held our way into the FIFTH compartment of hell. Here my senses were quite overpowered. Avernus is no fable; the angel herself could hardly move her flagging pinions; and we had almost dropped into the lake of mud and filth that spread in a boundless flat before us. Amidst

the slime, and oozy weeds of this abominable place, crawled innumerable reptiles, scarcely to be distinguished from the mire itself but by their motion. The bog seemed to mould its sludge into every odious form that matter could take or invention conceive. Serpents of incredible size rolled their lazy volumes through the stagnant mud; toads lay sprawling on the dikes, emptying their venomous stomachs into the pestilent reservoir; lizards, alligators, monstrous worms and leeches, with other obscene tribes unknown and indescribable, paddled through the slough in such swarms that they verily appeared to grow out of the soil. But what was my horror and disgust, to perceive amongst these vile creatures thousands of beings like myself, over whom they dragged their slimy trails, and who in vain endeavoured to extricate themselves from their foul embraces, or to raise themselves out of the loathsome flood in which they wallowed. Above them the air was so thick that it could be almost coined, and their cries could scarcely pierce through it. From this noxious bed of impurities, a stench arose that would breed a pestilence in Sabæa. Over the surface floated a heavy black vapour, the united breath of foulness, poison, and disease. Even the sweet respiration of my guar-

dian, which she assiduously exhaled upon me, could not purify the deadly effluvium: she could scarcely hold me to her bosom, for so baleful was the smell that it seemed to overcome even her angelic nature. Frequently her grasp relaxed, and I felt myself slipping through her arms into the horrid pool. We skimmed it so close that my feet often touched the sleek wet back of a toad, or some other clammy reptile, making my blood run cold and my very heart stop beating. But even this hell we escaped. I know not how; for I had been insensible during the latter part of our voyage, and when I wakened, it was to find myself lying on the firm ground, alone and nearly in darkness.

As my sight gathered strength, I was enabled faintly to descry the objects around me. The place where I lay was the very bottom of a deep, deep valley. It was clothed with long, waving, rank grass, of a black green hue. Cliffs rose on each side to an insurmountable height, and trees of a gigantic size frowned awfully upon me. There was a still dead air of utter solitude about the place, as if it lay an untravellable length beyond the bounds of the inhabited world, as if ages upon ages had rolled over it, and left it still unseen, untrodden,

and unknown. So profound was the silence, that I dared not even break it by an exclamation. When I strove to speak, the hills methought grew darker, and the shades of the forest gathered into a deeper gloom. There was not a sound to disturb this dread tranquillity; even the tall grass, as I rose to my feet, mingled without a rustle. Dim and shadowy as was the scene, I could now see a great way before me; how it was I cannot tell, but the air, though dark, was yet transparently clear. The valley stretched between its cliffs to an indefinite extent; and the farther my eye travelled over its length, the farther it opened to my view. I looked behind me, and the same dreary illimitable prospect continued itself in this direction.

After so many perils escaped, after so many torments evaded,—am I then condemned to this hell of desolation? Shall I be for ever left to pine in this gloomy wilderness? To spend a lonely eterne amidst these desert shades and solitary mountains? Death,—perpetual death, utter annihilation, were a merciful punishment, to such an existence! Rather would I suffer the most exquisite tortures, such as I have just witnessed, in the society of my fellow-creatures, than endure the misery of perpetual so-

litude in this terrific valley. Angel of Pity! hast thou, too, deserted me?—The grass for a few paces around me became suddenly white as with intense sunshine, and I found myself standing in a sphere of beams. I turned to the left, and beheld, at a little distance, a form of light glittering where it stood before me. The splendour of its countenance was such that my eyelids instantly fell when I looked upon it, and I could hardly raise them again. By degrees I lifted them, conquering the lustre of its presence, till my sight rested on the lips of the being; an expression somewhat between pity and love appeared to bend them into a smile: encouraged, I dared to gaze upon her brow. Merciful Heaven! it is *Constance!*—Transfixed with astonishment, delight, and admiration—penetrated with shame, remorse, gratitude, and love,—I glared wildly upon the celestial object, whilst, with her head drooping a little to one side, as she used to stand when alive, her hands clasped down before her, and one foot a little withdrawn, my loved, my lost, my murdered mistress returned my gaze with a placid smile. Reproach scarcely lingered upon her slightly-raised brow, as if to say—"I am indeed your unfortunate Constance!"—I could have melted away into tears.

Dropping on my knees, I hid my face in both hands. She laid her finger upon my brow; and I fell prostrate at the touch, endeavouring to wipe her feet with my hair. But she retired some paces, and motioning me to rise, pointed straight forward through the valley. I rose, and we walked, side by side, though still distant, according as she seemed to desire. Once I attempted to speak, wishing to confess my cruelty, and implore her forgiveness; but she put her finger to her lip, and I was silent. I could only continue to gaze with melancholy rapture on the form I had once so dearly loved. She was like herself in life, for her features could not have changed to more angelic beauty. Yet methought her loveliness, though perhaps brighter, was colder. Her limbs were as slender and fine as ever, but they had more of the pale brilliancy of snow than the warm hue of life about them: smooth, transparent, and white, but with less of that pure and delicate flush of animation which once breathed over them, and tinged their exquisite fairness with the light vermilion of her blood. Her hair was longer than when she died, but not more golden. It was parted simply on her forehead, as she had always worn it, and fell in smooth wavy profusion down her neck, rolling its

luxuriant curls backward and forward over her marble shoulders. There was a glorious beauty in her face; the candour of her brow was heavenly. But the high serenity of her look impressed me with an awe I had never felt in her presence before; its sweetness was mingled with an expression of saintly majesty which almost appalled me. To cease to love her was impossible, yet I felt that she was now less an object of love than of adoration.

We passed on: but I could not draw away my eyes from her figure, as she glided noiselessly a little way before me. The shoulders of her wings rose above her head, and their pinions reached nearly to her ankles; a smaller pair closed in front, another of the same size at her back: they were whiter and softer than those of a dove. Their edges glistened like silver as she moved. In the blaze of light that surrounded her I had not at first perceived a thin circlet hovering continually just above her head: this was her glory—and oh! how it became her! Still passed we on. My guide looked only straight before her: I followed with eyes still riveted upon her beauty. The glossy brightness of her neck was such that it dimmed my gaze; its polish so exquisite that the golden rings

of hair, which like little wheels of sunbeams ran up and down their own curling felloes, seemed to touch it only that they might leap away. Amid the dusky verdure of the glade, her foot looked whiter than the lily of the valley gleaming through its own deep green foliage. But still we passed on. I could revert again to the divine appearance of the spirit who was once my earthly love: I could dwell on the splendour of her beauty for ever. No more!—Why should I endeavour to describe it? Is it not attempting to lower heaven to earth, or to raise earth to heaven, whilst I thus labour to make celestial perfections intelligible to mortal capacities?—It is impious as it is vain.

We proceeded through vast solitudes for an endless space of time, my guide still lightening the path before me. This gigantic valley lengthened as we went on, through all the changes of its scenery still preserving the same universal character of gloom. Not a living being was to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Every thing appeared to have sunk into a state of dull insensible repose. Through the dim twilight air I could faintly discern the objects as we passed, the nigh no plainer than the distant:—yawning caves, unfathomable gulfs, dreadful precipices, trees bending and bulky with

age, rocks huge and lichened, interminable plains, lakes of livid water, fens, wolds, heaths, and bournes. Sometimes we traversed forests for an age together, where the shade was darker than the starless, moonless midnight; and where I could only perceive the enormous trunks of oak and elm, between which my angelic conductor swiftly passed, in the light which her effulgence reflected upon them. Sometimes we pursued our way over moors of illimitable extent, without a shrub, a rush, or a stone, to vary their wide uniformity, from one hill-side to the other.

Through this dreary wilderness we journeyed on in silence; even the presence of her whom I loved so well could not dissipate the gloom inspired by a scene of such utter desolation. My soul appeared to contract itself to nothing in the surrounding immensity of things. My heart sunk into the very depths of despair when I saw nought before me but the prospect of eternal wandering through the pathless wilds of this dim and solitary vale. At times, however, the slender white arm of my seraphic guide was raised, and pointed straight forward through the gloom; it was like a beam of moonlight directing the weary mariner to his haven of rest. So I travelled on till I thought eternity

there seven of woe, different in degree and in kind. To the fiercest of these thy sins upon earth had condemned thee; but the Father of Mercy beheld my tears, and pitied thee for my sake. He gave permission to the humblest of his adorers that she might rescue thee, at the peril of undergoing the same fate, in whatever region of punishment her flight along with thee might have been stayed. But the fire of Purgatory cannot be escaped. It is needful to cleanse thee from thine earthliness; and through it was I also obliged to pass, though but for a moment, as a penalty for my too great love of thee. Death itself could not make me forget thee; yet until thou endure this fire, there can be no communion, after this, between us. Enter it then boldly, if thou wishest to meet thy once-loved Constance in heaven. I will wait thee at the everlasting doors, and when thou hast overcome this fiery torment, conduct thee into the realms of joy. Then may we meet once more as lovers, but with a love far purer than on earth we could ever know. From thence will we ascend together by the path of virtue to the higher regions of bliss, till we enter at length the courts of the seraphim, and mingle with the choir which surrounds the throne of Je-

hovah himself. Hast thou then courage to endure this pain for my sake? Or wilt thou rather return to the valley of sorrow? She whom thou seest before thee might have long since won her way to the highest heaven, but in the lowest hath she still been content to wait for thee.—Take thou, nevertheless, thy choice."

She turned, as if to give me leave to decide; but I exclaimed,—"Angel of glory, I will merit thee if I may!" and proceeded onwards to the flames. She smoothed with her two hands the locks which fell over her drooping brow, and rising without almost opening her pinions, sprang past me with a sidelong joyous movement into the air; then circling me round many times, and spreading wide her snowy wings, she lost herself in the skies before I could say farewell!—I passed forward to the waves of fire; but a moment had scarce elapsed when she was at my side again. She accompanied me across the sands, encouraging and confirming me in my resolution, with accents, the music of which would alone have drawn me to encounter destruction. Her presence gave me strength, and her joy courage, though her smile turned into sadness when we drew near the waves. She mourned the pains I was

about to suffer with all her former tenderness, and wept—wept like herself, as I prepared to enter the flames. I entered them, and she disappeared.—Sustain me, Heaven, in this great agony!—O Constance!—Mercy!—Torments!—Constance!—O pity!—SILENCE, AND ENDURE!

ELLINORE.

Cruel Love
Dipt his small arrow in a serpent's blood,
And poisoned all her peace!

MS. TRAGEDY.

ELLINORE.

The commonest incidents of life receive frequently a new interest from the mode of their occurrence, the person to whom they happen, or the temper with which we observe them. Death itself, which is assuredly no novelty amongst us, instead of becoming a subject of thought as insipid as it is familiar, seems to impress us more deeply the oftener its stroke is recorded. There is, it may be said, a good reason for this: the more we hear of death's power, the more have we reason to fear it. But there are also other events, whose frequency does not impair, but rather increases the interest we take in them, to which no such reason (nor perhaps any) can apply. When we see the lily of the field "laid low i' the dust," we pity the fate

of so beauteous a flower; but how much more do we lament over the fate of the human lily, when her purity is stained, and the majesty of her loveliness descends from its throne of innocence to mingle with what is vile and earthly?—Yet, alas! there is no more common occurrence. Nor is there any one upon which we reflect with more sorrow when it passes within our hearing or notice, though we may have heard or known of it many a time before. It is so heartfelt a subject, that almost every writer has touched upon it, and it appears still to possess undiminished interest for readers. The tender-natured soul of the poet dwells upon it with melancholy pleasure; for in truth he never thinks the strains of his harp are half so sweet as when they breathe of woe. Little wonder then that he loves to dwell upon this, the greatest of all human woes. Even he, the humblest votary of the muse—upon whom she scarcely ever deigns to lose a smile—has felt so mournfully an event of this kind, which happened within his knowledge, that his heartstrings involuntarily wept it to these numbers.

Upon a still and breathless night,
  When Heav'n was hush'd and Earth was sleeping,
The green hills wet with dewy light,
  And silver tears fresh flowerets weeping;

Young Ellinore sped forth to meet
  In the still moon-lit vale her lover;
The turf scarce gush'd beneath her feet
  As she ran up the hill and over.

Lovely and lonely vale it was,
  One hollow glade of glimmering bowers,
And winding alleys smooth with moss,
  The green repose of humble flowers.

A shallow stream roved through the dell,
  With small discourse and rimpling laughter,
Wooing the reeds:—then wept farewell!
  And mourn'd and murmur'd ever after.

Soft mossy banks and rushy beds
  Border'd this slow delaying river;
Too perilous a place for maids
  When they are seized with love's sweet fever!

Young Ellinore look'd up the glen,
  Young Ellinore look'd down the valley,
Young Ellinore look'd homeward,—when
  A youth sprung o'er the greenwood alley.

The moonbeams kissed the sleeping trees,
  The moonbeams kissed the sleeping flowers;
'Oh!' said the youth, 'shall lips like these
  Kiss,—and not kiss such lips as ours?'

He strewed his couch of rush and reed,
  He strewed it o'er with bough and blossom,
He lay that night upon that bed,—
  Young Ellinore lay in his bosom.

Ah! luckless night! Ah, luckless hour!
  Oh, had she loved less well, or never!
She blooms no more, a stainless flower,—
  Young Ellinore is lost for ever!

The story to which these lines relate is almost told in them. Ellenor, or Ellinore, was the daughter of a respectable yeoman, who, with his wife and several other younger children, tenanted a small cottage near the village of —— in Westmoreland. To give the name of the village would serve no purpose, but that of imbittering woe already too deep even in its privacy; neither is it at all material to the story. The cottage was a pattern of English neatness. It was beautifully situated, in the midst of a number of green hills, which formed with each other the sweetest and most sequestered little valleys in the world. You had only to step from the rustic gate over a smooth and softly swelling upland, to find yourself in "Ellinore's Bourne," one of the loveliest among these pretty downs. It was thus called from having been the favourite walk of a girl, whose memory, even in its

cloudedness, is yet dear to those who had been her companions. One of her sisters, a child about five years old, showed the historian of her unfortunate tale the very spot where her fame and her happiness were blighted for ever. Little Susan, with an artlessness perfectly unconscious of the whole nature of her information, pointed out from the top of the bourne "Ellinore's bower" (as she named it), which lay on the hither bank of a stream that silvered the bottom of the valley. The child only knew it as a place somehow connected with her sister's memory; she thought, perhaps, that Ellinore had used to rest there in her walks, and no more. Her mother, Susan said, came to visit this bourne every evening since the death of her daughter: "And" (said the child, looking up rather wonderingly in my face) "mother always cries when she comes here; she cries more at Ellinore's bower than any where else!" This might have been a little too much, even for a Stoic. But Susan ran down the bourne as light as a fairy towards the place. She was two years old when her sister died.

The glade sloped pretty steeply to the rivulet which ran dimpling and glittering away through the bottom of the dell. A good many trees, of the osier and willow kind, threw their green arches

over the stream at several intervals, whilst others formed a labyrinth of shady and open walks, up and down, and along the roots of the hill at each side of the bourne. Susan had disappeared among the trees, but she soon glinted out from their branches, and jumping merrily over the last green stripe of velvet next the river, seated herself in Ellinore's bower, her white frock turned over her head to keep off the sun. The bower was merely a grassy spot, somewhat hollow, on the bank of the stream, over which a few slender osiers drooped a light and restless canopy of leaves. As you descended, the rivulet might be seen, when the sun shone strongly upon it, like a white riband tying these willow stems in a row together. The sight was indeed enchanting, though, probably from association, melancholy. It looked like the deserted bower of a fallen angel—and perhaps was so.

Susan talked a great deal of her sister Ellinore, whom it was easy to see she had been taught, with an imprudence we can scarcely blame, to love and remember. Indeed, her mother's weakness in this respect had been variously descanted upon in the village. Some of the wiser and more precise bodies had condemned the widow (so she was now) at a tea-party assembled for the occasion of passing sentence on the conduct of all but themselves, where

the faults and improprieties of their neighbours throughout the whole district were carefully explored, diligently set forth, and severely reprobated. Amongst these pains-taking people, one of the bitterest declaimers was an old maid, famous for her chastity and parchment complexion. She had lost her place lately as housekeeper at the Squire's, for endeavouring to convert (as her own story went) one of the footmen, with whom she was found closeted. The squire, however, thought one parson in his family more than enough, and therefore allowed her to depart as a missionary into the village, where she still continued to watch over the morals of her neighbours, scrutinizing their delinquencies with a penetration which nothing could elude, and proclaiming them with an industry which nothing could fatigue.

Miss Becky Bumpus (which was the name of this virtuous creature) in a long oration, composed for the purpose, set forth in glowing colours the enormity of Ellinore's offence, and the dangerous effect it might have, if not visited with due punishment, on the morals of both sexes. For her part (she said) it was not without the utmost circumspection that she ventured to walk out among the fields, ever since that fatal accident; how could she

tell but that some of 'the fellows' might assault her unprotected innocence? and though (she flattered herself) her virtue was impregnable to every art, yet she was nevertheless a tender and defenceless woman, who could not be supposed able to resist the violent attempts of those odious creatures, men, especially when inflamed by the sight of youth and beauty. She concluded her harangue with a peroration, in which, after the superior charms of a life of single blessedness had been largely insisted on, she denounced the widow as an encourager of vice, and a patroness of illegal connexions, because she had not driven out her daughter upon the highways, instead of receiving her with pity and forgiveness into her bosom.

The fact was indeed this. Ellinore was a young girl of warm feelings, and rather given to romance. She was very beautiful, and very unsuspecting. She had often dreamt of love, but never thought of perjury. Having by some accident procured an odd volume or two of novels, she had imbibed from them fanciful and absurd notions. There she read of girls as lowly as herself making conquests of lords, and had perused love scenes filled with the warmest and most passionate language, to which marriage had *always* succeeded. Thus ready prepared to

fall into the snares of the first villain who had art enough to profit by her extreme innocence, he came —and she fell accordingly.

A young officer, whose regiment was quartered at some distance, had, in one of his rambles, passed through the bourne where she loved to wander, ruminating, perhaps, on these seductive themes,—and was immediately caught with her beauty. Being uncommonly handsome himself, and moreover perfectly skilled in the theory, as well as the practice, of allurement, he had little difficulty in cozening her of her heart, whilst the very innocence and sincerity of her affection smoothed the way to her downfal. He soon discovered the false and deceitful notions with which her mind was imbued; treacherously made his advantage of them; and finally sacrificed without remorse a victim which followed him of its own accord to the altar, ignorant of his designs as of its own approaching destruction. Ellinore promised to meet him by moonlight in the bourne; her father had heard her casement open in the night, but thought it was only the wind that shook it:—in the morning his flower, the beauty of his garden, the pride of his heart,—was blighted. Her guilt was not at first apparent; but the regiment soon after left its quarters, and Ellinore's

frenzy, when she heard of it, gave the first alarm to her simple parents' suspicions. The wretched girl confessed her crime, which indeed shortly became too evident: shame at his daughter's disgrace sent her father quickly to the grave, where Ellinore herself, with a little corpse beside her, was laid soon after.

The widow, as is often the case with her sex, had more fortitude than her husband. She bore up firmly against the calamity which overwhelmed him, for the sake of her numerous family, who depended on her alone for support and protection. She lost indeed her cheerfulness completely, and seldom ever trusted herself to speak, lest it might give a passage to her tears, which she studiously concealed. A thorn had fixed itself in her heart, but the wound it made bled inwardly. The anguish she felt was never expressed, not to say obtruded; and all that the gossips of the village could remark was—that the widow grew thinner and paler every day, and less neighbourly. But her sorrow was the deeper, because she would never permit it to flow over. When the extent of her daughter's guilt was first known, she felt that her happiness had received its death-blow in this world; but not a word of reproach escaped her lips, not a look

which might be construed into unkindness ever shadowed her brow. She saw that the worm of grief was preying too fast on the unhappy culprit's cheek, and that it was needless to aggravate, by a single allusion, the ravages it was daily making. Nay, with a tenderness not very usual in such cases, she endeavoured to soothe the miserable girl's mind, to extenuate her fault by every argument she could think of, and to reconcile her in some measure to herself. It was, indeed, all vain! Perhaps it may even have sharpened the poignancy of Ellinore's remorse, to find her, upon whom she had brought disgrace and widowhood, still continue to regard her with maternal fondness,—to be even yet more kind to her than ever. When Ellinore was on her death-bed, her mother attended her with unabated affection, and repeatedly blessed with entire forgiveness the dying sinner, who wept out her last words of agony and gratitude on her bosom.

In truth, Ellinore had been the favourite, not only of her father, but of her mother, who, with the fond vanity of a parent, had built up a little castle in her imagination, of which her beautiful daughter was to be the future mistress. But a breath blew it down, and buried all her hopes and her happiness in its ruins. Upon her awaking

from this vision, and seeing the desolation around her, what was her first emotion?—To call down the vengeance of heaven—to pour out the bitterest vial of her woman's wrath in reproaches and execrations on the unhappy cause of all, who, with a flushed cheek and a bewildered eye, sat gazing in desperate silence upon the earth? What was the disappointed mother's first word to her who had requited love with injury?—Did she tell her to quit the roof she had dishonoured? to leave the family which her presence contaminated? to dare no longer call her—*Mother?* but to choose a home and a society more fitted to her condition, let her find it where she could?—No! in the half-frenzied creature before her, she only saw the child of her blood, the daughter of her warmest affections: she opened her parental arms—approached the sullen lost one, who wished to be hated—folded her to her breast—kissed—wept over her—and with a thousand caresses and endearments, as warm as when they were best deserved, at length subdued her tearless obduracy; and the unfortunate girl threw her arms once more about her mother's neck, where, amid prayers for pardon—thanks—reproaches of herself, rendered all unintelligible by her sobs and groans, she lay till exhausted Nature

sank into almost breathless insensibility. Upon raising her eyelids again, there was the matron bending anxiously over her couch, with clasped hands, and her face like "the face of an angel."

This was the proceeding on the part of the widow which was so much reprobated by the censors of the village. And perhaps it was censurable: perhaps she should have shut her door and her heart against the criminal; and, perhaps, moreover she would, had she consulted reason and the rules of propriety. But, alas! she never thought of reason at all in the matter; she only consulted her *feelings*. These told her that a mother's heart and a mother's house were the best asylum for a repentant daughter; so she opened them accordingly, and must only suffer that punishment for her error which God shall choose to inflict hereafter. Ellinore, for the few weeks which she afterwards lingered out, found in her parent's dwelling the securest shelter from the world's ungenerous curiosity and scorn that she could expect to find,—till she got to her grave.

The widow's foolish partiality and most unpardonable weakness did not stop even here. Strange as it may seem, she cherished the memory of her daughter, and dwelt upon it with ceaseless affection, as if it were not to the original that she

owed all the misery she had ever experienced in the world. Ellinore's fault had killed her husband —had disgraced her family—had ruined their little prosperity—had destroyed her happiness—and was rapidly undermining her life: yet still the simple woman persisted in her dotage! She still loved at the close of evening, when her labour for the day was ended, and her neighbours assembled at their gossiping, to visit the grave of her darling child, and the bourne that went by her name. There unseen, and unaccompanied except by her children, who scarcely understood their sister's unfortunate story, she gave vent to the sorrow which had cost her so much effort to stifle through the day. At the willow-roofed "bower," where the ruin of her own and her daughter's peace had been accomplished, she used to stop every evening, and gaze at the fatal spot as if she considered it the grave of her happiness: then with a convulsive throb at the remembrance of all she had lost, and how cruelly, she would put her handkerchief to her eyes, and return silently to her home. The next dawn found her, after a night perhaps of sleepless anguish and bitter recollection, with faint effort but resolute endeavour, pursuing her usual duties to eke out a slender subsistence for her family: every succeeding

morning saw another line, written in Death's most legible hand on her countenance, marking her for his own.

If ever the heart actually bleeds, it is at misery humble, secret, uncomplaining as this; struggling to conceal its depth, and by the very effort rendering its inward workings more visible on the features. Every thing which looks like an alleviation of such accumulated misfortunes is grateful to one interested as the historian is, and the reader possibly may be, in the fate of this family. The Squire's lady, a charitable and benevolent woman, has it seems promised her protection to the widow (against whom she was at first prejudiced on account of her daughter's misconduct,) and upon hearing the facts of the case has expressed her resolution to assist fortitude so great, and to alleviate, as far as lies in her power, misfortune so undeserved.

LILIAN OF THE VALE.

LILIAN OF THE VALE.

HAVING partially recovered from a nervous distemper, brought on by a severe course of academical studies, I determined to withdraw for the summer months into the country, where my constitution, naturally weak, might be invigorated, and my mind be diverted from preying on my body, by the novelty and variety of such amusements as woods, and rivers, and mountains, and valleys afford. Both inclination and necessity (for I was not affluent) induced me to seek a place of retirement at once humble and private, where my expenditure would be inconsiderable, and my actions might escape from that ceremonious restraint which the forms of society impose upon its members. I had travelled for some time in search of such an abode, but with little success; when one evening as I was returning,

quite chagrined, to the village where I had lain the night before, my eyes were attracted to a narrow sheepwalk, which deviated nearly at right angles from the high road, by something which I thought resembled an ornament of dress lying in the middle of the path. Upon taking it up, I found it to be a pale blue riband, simply folded in the form of a star-knot, and held together by a silken thread of the same colour. This was some proof at least, that a habitation was not far distant, and I immediately determined to attempt discovering it; for, beside the desire of returning the trifle to its owner, I was strongly tinctured with that theory which appropriates much of our future destiny to such accidental occurrences, and I firmly believed that this pathway and no other would lead me to the object in search of which I had set out; especially as the aforesaid riband did not lie near the road I was pursuing, but a considerable distance from it on the byepath, thereby obviously pointing out to me the way I should choose.

The path I speak of sunk down between two hills, descending much below the level of the high road, and at length opening into a green platform which overlooked a still deeper declivity. I shall never forget the enchanting prospect which offered

itself to my view, as I stood in the green recess formed by the two banks, which rose from the platform, and concealed both it and the steepdown valley it overhung, from the passengers on the high road. I seemed as if suspended in middle air, for the purpose of surveying the hollow woodland beneath me to the greatest advantage; for the precipitous descent of the mountain, on whose side I was placed, prevented me from seeing that there was any thing under my feet but the surface of the platform itself. The valley was of considerable extent, and terminated either way in a dark glen; it was perfectly verdant, except where its green mantle was relieved by the deeper tints of several masses of foliage with which the lawns were interspersed, by a few glistening rocks, or by the bright surface of a stream which ran at the bottom, forming innumerable cascades and waterfalls, which gave an uncommon sweetness and purity to the air. At one end of the valley appeared a small cottage, scarcely indeed apparent from the number of trees which surrounded it, and open only in front towards the river, on whose opposite side it lay. A few wreaths of thin blue smoke curling above it, showed it to be inhabited. Here then (said I,) shall my labours at length cease, if all the wealth I am master of can

purchase a corner in such a paradise.—As I looked about to see how I should descend from my present altitude to this Eden, a little goat made its appearance on the edge of the precipice,—just where it was met by the bank forming the side of the recess where I stood,—and gazing full at me for some time, disappeared. I approached the place where it had vanished, and found that the former pathway still wound by the foot of the bank wall, and continued in a slanting direction down the side of the precipice, till it ended at the ford which lay across the river, and led up to the cottage door. With some difficulty and considerable danger I doubled this promontory, and descended cautiously, my four-footed guide running on before me, and stopping at intervals to see if I followed. Surely (said I,) still theorizing as I followed my active conductor to the bottom, my fate lies this way; here have I a second regulator of my path; there must be something in these governing accidents.—I found the river much wider and more rapid than I expected; a large tree, supported at each end on massive stones, lay across the deepest part of the stream, where there were no rocks to serve as steps. Over this my nimble vaunt-courier trotted, and in a few moments led me to the threshold of the

cottage, which it entered unceremoniously. As my figure darkened the door, a matron, who sat within, raised her eyes from the book which lay upon her knee, and somewhat astonished, I suppose, at the suddenness of my appearance, waited without speaking till I had explained myself. Having apologized for my intrusion, and related the circumstances which occasioned it, I briefly mentioned the object in search of which I was travelling. The matron civilly replied, that her cottage, from its smallness, was ill adapted to my purposes, but that if I was satisfied with such an humble residence, if I thought my health would be improved by the situation, I was welcome to a part of her house; that she only regretted her inability to provide me with a suitable apartment.

I agreed with the good woman on her own terms, and finding myself fatigued by my journey, I soon retired to my chamber. It was a small room, neatly but simply furnished; a little bed lay in one corner; a woman's dressing-stand, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, with an oaken table, nearly completed the inventory. A few books, chiefly moral and religious, stood upon a shelf near the window; one of these I opened, and found the word *Lilian*, written in a delicate character, on the

title-page. Without waiting to make any further observations, I went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

When the soul is entranced in slumber, and we are as if divided between life and death, there are sounds often heard in such moments, which seem to partake of another and a superior world; sounds of that wild and visionary description to which, waking, we can find no parallel. With such celestial music in my ears I awoke in the morning, but the sounds seemed to die away as I returned to the consciousness of earthly existence. While I was regretting that my dream was not reality, and before the echoes of its ideal symphony had ceased to vibrate in my brain, methought I heard the same notes distinctly repeated by a voice, human indeed, but more exquisitely sweet than ever I had heard on earth before. The imperfect sensations of sleep had given it its spirituality, but waking perception left it all its wildness and melody. The words, struck apparently by a silver tongue, penetrated to my brain, while lost in breathless transport my vision seemed to return. Again it sung:—

Vale of the waterfalls!
Glen of the streams!
Wake from your slumbering!
Wake from your dreams!

Wild sings the mountain-lark,
Bird of the air!
Calling the valley-birds
Up to him there!

Sweet ring the mountain-bells
High o'er the dale,
Waking the little bells
Down in the vale.

Fresh breathes the morning-wind,
Bright looks the day,—
Up to the heather-hills,
Lilian, away!

Raising myself on one elbow to catch these delicious sounds, and looking through the lattice which commanded a view of the ford, and the opposite side of the valley, I saw a light female figure glide swiftly over the sylvan bridge, and with the speed of wind fly up the pathway which I had descended yester-evening. I arose instantly, and going to the window beheld her, accompanied by the little goat, rapidly ascending the precipice. When she had gained the platform, she turned towards the sun, which rose on the other side of the vale, and after

a few moments, apparently given to contemplation of its splendour, disappeared between the banks which formed the verdant recess.

Though the morning was not far advanced, I felt too much interested, by the song I had heard, and the form I had seen, to think of returning to bed. I hastily dressed myself, and taking up one of the books which lay near me, fixed my eyes on the written characters which I had observed the night before. I know not how long I remained in this state of abstraction, when the shadow of the good woman of the house, passing over the book, awakened me from my reverie. In a few minutes she re-passed my window, and proceeded to the other end of the cottage, where a thick copsewood, reaching from it to the river, shut out the view of the mountains behind. A green plat, fresh and dewy, lay in front of the cottage, and sloping down to the river, mingled its short herbage with the sedgy borders of the channel; a rustic bench, shadowed by the overhanging copse, formed a kind of bower in which the matron now sat, looking anxiously towards the path which led down from the hills. As she sat there, I had a good opportunity to observe her appearance. It was that of one who had seen better days, who had felt misfor-

tunes keenly but not impatiently; melancholy predominated in her countenance, but resignation strove hard for the superiority; sickness more than age had robbed her of youth's graces; but though the rose had faded on her cheek, the lily still remained in all its former delicacy. Turning towards my window, her eye caught mine, and I instantly went forth to salute her. She inquired kindly for my health, hoped a few days would restore it, and told me that her daughter had gone to pull some herbs which she thought would be of use to me, and would soon return. I asked, if it was her daughter whom I had heard that morning singing so exquisitely. "Yes (said she), my Lilian is more like a bird of the air than a thing of the earth; in joy she sings of her happiness; in woe she sings away her sadness; when in neither, like the birds she sings for very thoughtlessness." "And if I may judge (said I) by the rapidity with which she ascended yon precipice,—she must have their wings too, as well as their song." The matron smiled. "Lilian (said she) has lived here for fourteen years, from infancy to girlhood; and these mountains are grown so familiar to her, that she might tread them blindfold. In truth, sir, she is a wild one: when her duty to me does not require her presence, she

spends her time wandering through the recesses of this valley and the surrounding hills; she goes singing her little roundelays over the whole wilderness, and there is scarcely a rock, a cave, or a precipice, which has not echoed to her song." "Forgive me (said I), if I ask whether you are a native of this valley; your conversation would lead me to think not." "Alas, sir! (replied the matron), I saw many years of sorrow before I came to this solitude. My husband was an officer of distinction in the army—but, hush! (said she, putting her finger to her lips) Lilian is coming;—and I think it but fair to keep the canker from the bud, let the old tree decay as it will," added the matron, forcing a smile as her daughter approached.

At the end of the arbour where I sat, the foliage was sufficiently thick to conceal me, yet not so dense as to prevent my seeing what might pass without: receiving a significant smile from the widow, I withdrew myself farther into the shade, just as the girl had reached the foot of the bridge. When she came to the middle where the water was deepest, she stopped, and clasping her hands, while she drew them to her neck with that natural grace which belongs to the period of extreme youthfulness, at the same time bending her aërial form

into the attitude of one supplicating inwardly, she looked at her mother with an intensity of expression, which denoted more heartful feelings than words could possibly convey. This beautiful apparition seemed to have but just escaped the age of childhood; or rather, extreme innocence had prolonged that portion of her life beyond its due period; her figure was small, but exquisitely proportioned, as was evident from her delicate arms bare almost to the shoulder, and her tiny feet and ancles, which the mountain dress she wore was not calculated to conceal. Her hair was of a glossy fairness, and her complexion of that fine bloom which arises from health and purity of blood. Considerably heightened by exercise, the glow of her cheek was only surpassed by the bright redness of her mouth, which seemed indeed the very bed of sweetness. Eyes, with which we are inclined to imagine angels, heavenly blue and liquid from the overflowing of a tender and sensitive heart. A simple white wrapper of very thin muslin, showing off the harmony and gracefulness of her figure to the greatest advantage, and more like a mist than a garment, shrouded this little goddess; and as the foam of the cataract curled to her foot, or burst in a thousand frothy shapes around her, she stood like

the Naiad of the River, which thundered in unruly joy at receiving her amongst its billows.

In this attitude she advanced, brightening as she approached her mother, and mincing her steps with girlish sportiveness, till she came within a few paces of the bower; then unclasping her hands and spreading her arms, as if to embrace her anxious parent, like a spirit at play, she began a kind of fantastic dance: and as her nimble fairy feet twinkled on the green turf, and her thin garb floated on her shoulders like wings, I thought the veritable Ariel swam before my sight. Fondly tantalizing her delighted mother, who sat with outstretched arms to receive her, while tears of joy trickled from her eyes, the playful girl still continued, without actually touching, to hover round her, accompanying her fantastic movements with a little song of the wildest, sweetest cadency.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again!

Here the fairy threw herself into her mother's breast, and was covered with kisses, as fervently repaid.

The favourite goat, which had been her companion, now presented itself at the entrance of the bower, having a little basket of light osier suspended from one of its horns, and containing a profusion of flowers which its mistress had gathered in her excursions. In rising from her mother's lap to relieve her companion from its charge, my figure met her view. A blush, at the recollection that she had been seen by a stranger, overspread her whole face, bosom, and even her arms, with the deepest crimson. When the good woman presented her to me as her daughter, with her cheek half averted, she made me a simple curtsy, and retired almost like a child behind her mother. In a little time we went to breakfast in the arbour, and the business

of the scene was a relief to her embarrassment, but she remained in total silence, whilst at every turn of my head, the blood mantled involuntarily to her cheek and bosom. In this secluded valley, where perhaps no one of my sex above the grade of a peasant had ever appeared, and from which society was naturally excluded, neither her bashfulness nor her reserve surprised me, especially when I considered her extreme youth; but that such a beautiful creation could exist upon earth, without drawing the world to adore it as the symbol of heavenly perfection, was to me totally inexplicable.

Sensations which I never had experienced before, sensations under which my entire frame trembled with an agitation at once excessive and pleasurable, now took possession of my soul; I seemed to have plunged into a new world, a world of superior purity, where the softness of the air, and the brightness of the verdure, had exalted my feelings to a height of enthusiasm and intense sensitiveness, which we attribute to those who inhabit the visionary vales of eternal blessedness. Shut in from the common occurrences of life which might destroy the illusion, placed amid scenery so romantic, so melancholy, so lovely, it was no wonder if to one of my fervid imagination, his nature

should seem to be exalted by the place, rather than the beauty of the scene to be exaggerated by his enthusiastic disposition. I forgot the actual world, —forgot that I was in it, and gave myself wholly up to the dreams of fancy. The sylvan goddess, or spirit of this place, had now become familiar, and as she hovered around my path, pointing out the freshest spots where I might recline while she sung me into slumber, and showing me the various flowery treasures of her enchanted garden, I thought of Eden, of Elysium, of Paradise, fancied I had already by some forgotten means been transported to one of these delightful abodes, and her own angelic airy form confirmed the delusion. In fact, this singular girl had a character of mind and frame which was quite preternatural; she was a perfect, I had almost said real, Wood-nymph; her form, her actions, her thoughts, were those that belong to such a being. She seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of germination which pervaded the wild productions of her native valley; the tenderness and diminutive symmetry of its herbage had imparted a like delicacy and grace to her form; the purity and fineness of its elements had infused themselves into her blood; the wildness of its imagery, its sublimity, and its beauty, had assi-

milated the disposition of her mind to themselves. She was something between earthly and celestial; she had the form of a mortal, but the habits of a spirit.

For the first two or three days which I spent in the Vale of the Waterfalls (as it was called), Lilian was distant and reserved, but when a little habituated to my presence, with the freedom which we see in childhood when fear has subsided, she became affectionate and familiar, nor was there ever in her manners that coyness which generally distinguishes maidenhood; she seemed to be totally unconscious that it was necessary, and gave herself to my society as she would to that of a brother.

I became her inseparable companion. She would lead me through the devious paths of the wilderness, and bring me to the several grottos and fountains, and fresh rolling streams, with which this solitude abounded; she would guide my steps over little hillocks blooming with the loveliest flowers, and glades of the sweetest verdure; then having embosomed me among these inextricable recesses, disappear like a wraith in some dell or hollow, and start up again when I least expected her. One day as I sat alone under the shade of a rock, I felt something rustle softly in my bosom, and looking

round perceived the girl skipping down from the rock, with the riband which had first seduced me to this valley in her hand, and laughing gaily as she waved it round her head. She had silently mounted the rock behind me, and snatched the riband from my breast, where I had preserved it. I attempted to recover it, but she escaped me like a shadow before I had run a dozen paces. In a short time she re-appeared, and coming up to me, threw a little knot of blue flowers into my bosom, singing—

Sweet blue-bells we,
Mid flowers of the lea
The likest in hue to heaven,
Our bonnets so blue
Are tinged with the dew
That drops from the sky at Even.

Our bloom more sweet
Than dark violet,
Or tulip's purple stain,
At every return
Of the dew-breathing morn,
Grows brighter and brighter again!

A very remarkable circumstance attending my acquaintance with this creature was, that, except on the above occasion, I never knew what it was to feel her touch; and even here, the sensation was

more that of a breeze rustling in my bosom, than of a mortal hand. Though perfectly familiar and unsuspicious, whenever I approached within the possibility of touching her, she seemed to flit from me by imperceptible degrees, so that I could not at this moment assert, except from the evidence of sight and reasoning, that she was actually corporeal. Indeed all her habits and actions partook of another nature. She spoke little; expressing herself mostly by gestures or inarticulate modulations of voice. When she did utter words, they were breathed in a kind of recitative or cadence, or, as was most generally the case, her sentiments were conveyed in the form of a song. I have given a few specimens of these; and although simplicity is their principal attribute, when aided by her angelic voice and expressive gestures, they were the wildest and sweetest imaginable. In fact she had a natural turn for poetry; education had nothing to do with it; both her poetry and the music with which she accompanied it, were irregular and inartificial, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a brook, or the sigh of a tree—more the involuntary emanations than the premeditated combinations of sounds. Such of her songs as I can recall to memory—for as she sung from momentary impulse it was extremely

difficult to find her repeating the same words except on similar occasions—such of these as I could collect on the instant will appear in order, whilst I endeavour to give some notion of this extraordinary girl, with whom the happiest, if not the most rational moments of my life were spent.

Her mother has often told me that she did not know how Lilian subsisted. She would never sit down to a regular meal, but would sometimes take a morsel of bread with her when she purposed a distant excursion, and even this would be found strewed on some pathway for the birds who might happen to light there. She was impatient of confinement; and often when her mother had seen her to bed, on going into her room an hour after, it would be found empty, and Lilian escaped unseen to wander by moonlight in the valley. This happened frequently during my residence there; and once being excited by curiosity, I went out in search of her, and found her in the bottom of a dell—drinking dew out of the cups of flowers. "Lilian," said I, "why have we lost you?" "My sisters! my sisters!" answered she impatiently. "What sisters?" "Look! look!" said she, pointing to some fantastic shapes into which the spray of the distant cataract was formed by the reflection

of the moon. "I see nothing but the river foam dancing in the moonbeams." "These," she replied, "these are my sisters—the only sisters Lilian ever knew: Listen! do they not speak to each other?" "Come, you are too romantic, Lilian; the water as it falls murmurs indistinctly, and at this distance misleads you." "Nearer then!" said the girl, "I must hear what they say." And before I could interpose, she rushed to the brow of the cataract and disappeared. Uttering a cry of terror, I followed, and just as I had reached the spot where she vanished, her mother came to tell me that Lilian had returned to the cottage. I retired to my chamber, lost in astonishment at this singular occurrence. In the morning, when her mother expostulated with Lilian about the imprudence of wandering in the night air, she replied in a roundelay:

> The wren hath her nest at the root of a tree,
> And the tufted moss is the couch of the bee,
> Where rain nor cold hath power to harm her;
> The bed of the eagle is built in the sky,
> And the bittern in rushes doth nightly lie;
> Then why should Lilian's bed be warmer?

Her senses were incontestably more acute than belongs to the nature of mortality. She would

often stop in the midst of our conversation, to listen, as she said,—to the wind walking over the flowers; and accordingly in a little time I would perceive the breeze to swell into a transient gust as it passed by the place where we stood. Whether in some instances her romantic imagination might not have suggested ideal murmurs, I will not decide, but her delicate perceptions of sound were mostly verified by fact. I remember sitting with her one sunny day on the river bank, in a sequestered part of the vale, when, after a fit of contemplative silence, upon my addressing myself to break it, she raised her head, and motioning me to be still, began in a low tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable from the mixed murmur which rises from the breast of the woodland in summer time, a kind of irregular chant—

Hear! hear!
How the vale-bells tinkle all around
As the sweet wind shakes them—hear!
What a wild and sylvan sound!

Hear! hear!
How the soft waves talk beneath the bank!
And rush sighs to willow—hear!
The reed to the osier dank.

Hear! hear!
How the blue fly hizzes in the air
With his voice in his tiny wings—hear!
He sings at his flowery fare.

Hear! hear!
How the wood-bird murmurs in the dark,
And the distant cuckoo chimes—hear!
From the sun-cloud trills the lark.

She could discriminate accurately between the scents of flowers of the same species, so as to name them blindfold. Her sight was so fine that she would detect the minnows lying on the bed of a stream, in the darkest weather, when to me they were indistinguishable from the slimy pebbles of the bottom; on putting down a straw to the place she pointed out, they flitted. Her other senses were equally discriminative.

But in what she chiefly resembled our notions of a spirit, was the lightness, grace, and peculiar swiftness of her motion. Something between flying and dancing. Her movements were so rapid, that sometimes it required no great stretch of superstition to believe that she actually vanished into the air. The wild and restless life she led, wandering over hill, dell, rock, and precipice, had given an elasticity to her foot, which made her seem to tread

on air; whilst the slightness of her limbs, formed on the most delicate model of beauty and grace, appeared, by the tremulous instability which they gave to her frame, to indicate a necessity for perpetual and ever-varying motion. I had often dreamed of Attendant Spirits, Sylphs, Houris, Semi-deities, and imagined beings partaking of a double nature, the spiritual and corporeal, beings of an intermediate class, whose outlines and figures were human, but whose form was insubstantial; whose actions, habits, and thoughts were not preternatural, nor supernatural wholly, but such as human actions, habits, and thoughts would be when refined by some celestial alchemy, which would clear them of their grossness without divesting them of their specific essence: with such visionary beings had my waking dreams been peopled, but never until now were these conceptions apparently realized. This creature adequately represented my preconceived notion of an intermediate being.

The surface of the Vale of the Waterfalls was not uniform, but was broken into numberless hillocks and dells in miniature, interspersed with the several varieties of rock, cleft, grove, glade, and declivity. Amid these romantic solitudes was Lilian

ever straying; every singular or characteristic point of the Vale was to her in place of a companion; hillocks, rocks, shrubs, and flowers, the people of the wilderness, were to her in place of society. I have frequently wandered for the whole day in search of her, and perhaps found her at length in a shady nook singing to the wild flowers, or on a sunny bank dancing round a knot of cowslips, or hovering on the brink of the torrent chanting her mystic verses to its monotonous numbers. Sometimes I have accompanied her from the cottage door, while she rambled like a wild bee from bank to dell, and from shrub to flower, conversing with her by snatches, but never finding it possible to confine her either to one subject or one place. The character of her thoughts was wildness mingled with deep tenderness and melancholy; but she was at times gay and playful. A high strain of sublimity would often convert the sylph into a sybil, when the changes in the face of nature gave a gloomy colour to her mind; for her wildness, melancholy, gaiety, and sublimity of imagination, were nothing but the transcripts of those passions which seem to animate the system of natural things. A wild rock or a solitary cave attracted her notice, she grew romantic or melancholy: a sunny flower

or a darkly-waving pine caught her eye, she became gay or gloomy accordingly. But as the predominating features of the solitude even in its most charming dress were melancholy and wildness, so the general characteristics of her thoughts were sadness and romance.

We sat one evening on the river side, just at the foot of the principal cataract, where the waves plunging from on high down into a rocky basin, shook the very bank we sat on by their fall, and drowning each other in the pool, raised a continual din and echo by their struggles and tumultuous contentions. The wind had swept in frequent gusts through the vale during the latter part of the day; but as night approached, the old trees began to groan with a heavier blast, and the wild birds flew with fearful screams to the groves; the small flowers closed up their breasts rapidly, and committed themselves to the storm, whilst the river seemed to foam and swell under the chafing wing of the tempest. In a few minutes the rack began; thunder broke in tremendous peals over our heads, leaves flew in eddies through the air, the shrill reed whistled, and the swinging pine moaned loudly in the night wind, whilst the caves and narrow pas-

sages between rocks swelled the terrific chorus by their hollow voices. Shuddering, I turned to Lilian. She had risen, and was hanging over the brink of the whirlpool, muttering something which, by its wildness and incoherence, resembled an incantation. Her delicate white arms were crossed upon her bosom, her long hair flew over her shoulders on the wind, and her little cheek grew pale as she uttered her mystic numbers to the roar of the torrent. "Lilian!" said I, "come away; the night grows terrific." She answered not, but elevating her voice till it nearly reached a scream, and mingled with the noise of the waves like the cry of one drowning, she chanted a wild rhapsody, her eye almost lighted to frenzy, and her cheek whitening every moment—

The woods are sighing!
And the wild birds crying!
And loud and sorely the wild waters weep!
Dark pines are groaning!
And night winds are moaning!
And muttering thunder rumbles hoarse and deep!

Ghastly, frantic, and appalling, she broke into a yet wilder measure:

Come, Sisters, come, come!
Bring the storm, and bring the rain,
Let the raving winds loose upon the swelling billows!
Down, Spirits, down, down!
Shake the oak, and split the rock,
Scream amid the dashing waves, and shriek among the willows!

Her voice ended in a wild shriek, and she disappeared. I had no courage to follow up this adventure. Her character seemed to change here; enthusiasm degenerated into frenzy, and gentleness gave way to more than sibylline extravagance of voice and gesture. I returned to the cottage, and as I did not wish to be questioned by the woman concerning her daughter, I retired immediately to my chamber.

There was something of a foreboding nature in this last incident. The morning after, I received a post letter from the neighbouring town whither the widow had gone for provisions, acquainting me that my father was on his death-bed, and requiring my immediate attendance to receive his last blessing. This was imperative; and though I had neither seen nor heard of Lilian since the preceding night, after having taken a hasty leave of her mother, I set off immediately to the village where I might procure some mode of conveyance to my father's

residence. The direct path from the Vale of the Waterfalls to the village lay through one of the glens or dingles in which the valley terminated. The sides of the mountains which formed this defile were so precipitous that they almost met overhead, and they were moreover clothed with a dark mantle of hanging fir, which increased the gloom and horror of the place. At the very bottom lay the path, and as I looked up the sides of this dreary profound, which seemed the very realization of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, my fancy grew bewildered; though waking, I seemed to walk in a dream, and a thousand dim and terrible phantoms appeared to rise from the brambles under my feet, and darken still more the obscurity which encompassed me. The incidents of last night returned forcibly to my mind; there was something mysterious, unreal, and preternatural in every thing connected with that Vale, and this was a fit place for executing the final catastrophe. As I passed on, at intervals some horrid thing would brush by me, and a wet flaccid wing like that of a monstrous bat would flap me in the face; sometimes a phantom would come and whisper busily in my ear, yet I heard nothing; and I saw many hideous shapes, who by their distortions were apparently in the

acts of screaming, laughing, and making other abominable noises, yet the air was as silent as death. All of a sudden, this subterranean passage of horror and darkness opened into the bright fields of day; I was re-inspirited; but the recollection of the dreary glen, the vale, Lilian and her preternatural disappearance, still remained. Pondering on these subjects, and endeavouring to account for them in some probable manner, I proceeded through the open valley into which the sides of the glen had widened, and passing by a tuft of green bushes, I thought I heard from within them some one weeping like a deserted child. I immediately opened them, and to my astonishment found Lilian sitting on the green plat in the midst, with her head in her lap, lamenting piteously, and drowned in a flood of tears. She rose and spread her arms to receive me. I flew to her embrace, but when I thought to have caught her to my bosom, she was still at the same distance from me as before. "Lilian," said I, "why do you avoid me? I am going." "I know it," she replied, "and I came to take my last farewell." "Not the last, not the last, dear girl! (said I, forgetting yesterday's adventure) if heaven will spare us for each other: when I have paid the duties which I owe to my father, I will

return to love and Lilian." "Lilian," said she, faintly smiling, "Lilian will then be no more!" As I stood, unable from the impressiveness of her manner to make any answer, whether it was imagination, or that the echo in this place was extraordinarily powerful, I heard her last words repeated several times up the mountains, and "No more! no more! no more!" at length died away in hollow sighs among the rocks of the valley. Perceiving me silent, she said, "Come, I will delay you no longer; depart to your home! On that glade," (pointing to a sloping bank at some distance), "we separate for ever!'" We proceeded in silence. When we had reached the spot, she stopped; and turning to me, her innocent bosom filled with tears, and her blue eyes dropping crystal, she pointed towards the vale which lay behind us, and in a voice scarcely audible with sorrow, "Listen," said she, "to the Rover's Farewell"—

Farewell the groves, and farewell the bowers!
Ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye streams, farewell!
Farewell the bloom and sweet breath of flowers!
Farewell for ever-more! a long farewell!

Farewell, O Vale of fast falling water!
Ye banks, ye bushes, and ye glades, farewell!
Farewell, lone parent of one wayward daughter!
Farewell for ever,—a long, long farewell!

And farewell, Lilian! . . .

Here she was interrupted by a loud laugh uttered over my shoulder. I turned to see from whom it came, but no one appeared. On turning again towards Lilian, she was gone. Immoveable with astonishment, I stood for some time stupified, but recovering my senses, I called several times, "Lilian, Lilian! dear Lilian, answer me!" She appeared a long way off at the entrance of the valley, with her hands covering her face, and walking slowly towards her home. I now recollected my father, and considering that it would be useless to pursue this adventure any farther at present, summoning up my courage, I proceeded onwards to the village. I had scarcely walked twenty paces, when, to my utter surprise, this apparition stood before me again in the midst of the path, but when I approached, quitted it and appeared on the top of some rock or prominence at a distance, where her small figure whitening in the sun would seem to kiss its hand to me as I passed. In this way, she continued to accompany me, till the signs of population began to appear. She had gradually kept behind me as I approached the high road, and when I at length reached it, on looking round I perceived her standing on a high rock at some distance, the sunbeams glistening in her eyes,

which were filled with tears, whilst she kissed her hand repeatedly, till she faded entirely from my view.

When I reached my father's house, I found him partially recovered. I accompanied him to Italy, where he had been ordered by his physicians—too late however for his preservation; he died within a few miles of Turin. My attention to him on his death-bed was necessarily unremitting; and this, combined with my own previous delicate state of health, occasioned a relapse of my nervous disorder. With some difficulty I recovered so much of my health as to think of returning to my native country, to which the desire of revisiting the Vale of the Waterfalls, and investigating its mysteries completely, was no small inducement. The unceasing attendance which my father's illness required upon my part, added to the novelty of scene and society, had prevented me from dwelling intensely on the extraordinary incidents which I so lately experienced; but my thoughts now reverted naturally to them, as well from my innate tendency to the romantic, as from the singularity of the facts themselves, and the influence of my late illness and my father's death, in rendering such melancholy recollections attractive. The cottage where my father

died was situated on the borders of a lake in the bosom of a deep valley among the Piedmontese hills, and I was sitting, about the close of the evening, in the room that had been his, ruminating successively on him and on Lilian. The window where I sat looked out on the lake which lay in calm unruffled stillness before me, and the blue mountains towards the west were just sinking into that mellow haze which characterizes the softness of an Italian evening; the lattice was open, and I leaned forward to catch the summer breeze as it gently moved the tendrils of a jessamine which crept to the roof of the cottage. A rustic bench outside rose nearly to the level of the window;—Lilian came and sat down on it. I started at the sight, but looking steadfastly on the figure, I saw it melt gradually into air. In a little time it appeared standing on the bright surface of the lake, but disappeared in the same manner as before. Then on a rock at some distance, and again vanished. I had no doubt but this was a shadow raised by my own imagination, pursuing the same train of ideas intensely. Indeed the figure I now saw was very different from the original in the Vale of the Waterfalls. The form was evidently insubstantial; the figure, though preserving its characteristic outlines, was emaciated and stiff;

the bloom had totally faded from its cheek and lip, and was replaced by the wan sickliness of death; the eyes were glazed and motionless. "Lilian is dead," said I. Whilst I journeyed home, the figure occasionally appeared, but at each time more faintly than before, till it vanished entirely.

Upon reaching England, the Vale of the Waterfalls was my first object. I quickly sought out the village near to which it lay, and pursuing my former steps, soon found myself in the midst of the valley. It was beautiful as ever, but methought appeared to wear less the air of enchantment than when I had left it. I turned to the cottage; it was in ruins. The bower was overgrown with nettles and tall weeds; the smooth plat had shot up into long rank grass that waved heavily in the breeze, and emitted a close suffocating odour. As I stood ruminating on these changes, my heart swelling with the melancholy conviction that Lilian was indeed no more, a peasant appeared on the hills, carrying a mattock and other instruments. Upon his approach I made inquiries concerning the widow and her daughter. He replied, that the person who had lived in the cottage was dead some months, that she never had any daughter to his knowledge, but lived quite alone; that the only person he had ever heard of in

the valley, beside her, was a young man who came there for the recovery of his health, but he remained for a short time only; that the cottage now belonged to himself, and he was about repairing it for his own family. This account, to me, appeared very singular. I went to the entrance of the dreary glen, where I had experienced such horrors. The mountains seemed to have opened overhead, and the place was comparatively lightsome. I passed through it safely, and came to the circle of green bushes where I had found Lilian weeping. A rude stone cross stood in the midst. It was apparently of very great age, yet I never had observed it before. These things were still more extraordinary. On returning to the village, the inhabitants gave me the same account as the peasant had; and when I spoke of Lilian they seemed not to understand me. Many of them recognised me, yet I could gain no farther satisfaction. They also called the vale by a different name.

I have frequently revisited this valley, but never could obtain any intelligence concerning the extraordinary being whom it was my fortune alone to have met there. An impenetrable veil seemed to have been drawn over her history, and I am at length compelled to give up all attempts at investi-

gating it. That she was mortal and had actual existence, the evidence of my senses, and my disbelief in the theory of spirits visiting this world, induce me to assert; yet it is totally unaccountable how such a being could exist, and the whole world, with but one exception, remain ignorant of it. I have never been able to come to any conclusion upon this point; sometimes, indeed, I am inclined to think that this vision of Lilian of the Vale was a mere creation of my own brain, naturally very imaginative, and at the period of this adventure disturbed and overheated by the fever which accompanies a nervous disease such as mine.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

February 27, 1826.

WORKS PUBLISHED THIS SEASON

BY JOHN TAYLOR,

WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

I.

IS THIS RELIGION? OR A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF THE WORLD. By the Author of "May you like it." Foolscap 8vo.

II.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, ANCIENT and MODERN; illustrated with Notes, a Critical Introduction, and Characters of the most eminent Lyric Poets of Scotland. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 4 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*

III.

A CRITICAL ESSAY on the GOSPEL of ST. LUKE, by Dr. FREDERICK SCHLEIERMACHER: with an Introduction by the Translator, containing an Account of the Controversy respecting the Origin of the Three First Gospels, since Bishop Marsh's Dissertation. One vol. 8vo. 13*s.*

IV.

The ELEMENTS of the DIFFERENTIAL and INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By the Rev. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, of the University of Dublin. Octavo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

V.

The DUBLIN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and SCIENTIFIC REVIEW. No. II. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Works Published this Season.

VI.

The PRINCIPAL ROOTS of the LATIN LANGUAGE, simplified by a Display of their Incorporation into the English Tongue; with copious Notes: forming part of Mr. HALL'S INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM of EDUCATION (as explained in a Public Lecture delivered at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, 8th of May, 1824), whereby an adult, previously unacquainted in the slightest degree with Latin, was enabled, in the short space of only *Seven Days*, to acquire so considerable a Knowledge of the Latin Language, as to translate, parse, and scan, the first book of Virgil's Æneid. Royal octavo. 8*s*. 6*d*. boards, or 10*s*. bound.

*** The ROOTS of the FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, GREEK, and HEBREW LANGUAGES, are in course of preparation, and will be published very speedily.

VII.

AIDS to REFLECTION in the FORMATION of a MANLY CHARACTER, on the three Grounds of PRUDENCE, MORALITY, and RELIGION, illustrated by Extracts from the Writings of the Elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton. By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. Post 8vo. Price 10*s*. 6*d*.

VIII.

A CATECHETICAL COURSE of INSTRUCTION on the LIFE, DOCTRINES, DEATH, and RESURRECTION of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. HARVEY MARRIOTT, Rector of Claverton. 2*s*. 6*d*. bound.

IX.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS, illustrative of the HISTORY, DOCTRINES, and PRECEPTS of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS. By the Rev. HARVEY MARRIOTT. 2*s*. 6*d*. bound.

In the Press.

I.

An ANALYTICAL TREATISE on PLANE and SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. By the Rev. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, of the University of Dublin. Octavo.

II.

The PRINCIPAL ROOTS of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, simplified by a Display of their Incorporation into the English Tongue; with copious Notes.

*** The ROOTS of the ITALIAN, GERMAN, GREEK, and HEBREW LANGUAGES, are in course of preparation, and will be published very speedily.